

THE
ECLOGUES, AND GEORGICS
OF
VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

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IMPROVED EDITION, UNIFORM WITH 'THE ÆNEID,'

WITH HEAD OF VIRGIL FROM THE BASKERVILLE EDITION.

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS.
1882.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND
THE LORD ARTHUR CHARLES HERVEY
LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's reputation as a scholar opens to me this way of expressing my sense of your kindness to me as my Bishop, during the latter years of a long pastoral life passed entirely in your Lordship's Diocese, and during the last fifty years in the same retired West-Country Parish, remote from all the appliances and advantages, if advantages they are, of the nineteenth century.

ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
πατρίδος ἐρᾶν ἅπαντας· ὅς δ' ἄλλως λέγει,
λόγοισι χαίρει· τὸν δὲ νοῦν ἐκεῖσ' ἔχει.
Euripidis Phœnissæ, 361.

But needs it is, that each one loves his home :
He who says, No, but babbles with his tongue :
Home and its faces haunt his memory still.

I am, my Lord,
Very gratefully and respectfully,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
J. M. KING.

CUTCOMBE VICARAGE.
Midsummer Day, 1882.

THE ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL,

DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

When you called at the Vicarage in the Autumn, after showing your kindly interest in Alice by asking what new bee was buzzing in her own bonnet, you added, "Tell your father I am expecting some more from him." Now, there was nothing more in the grove at Mantua save a few shrubs that grew at the entrance, and I am afraid that I have bruised the flowers of these, as I fashioned them into a Plaything for

Yours very sincerely,

AN USED-UP VICAR.

CUTCOMBE VICARAGE,
January 1st, 1879.

THE ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR had assigned grants of land in Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, to veterans of his army, by whom many of the occupiers were displaced. Virgil, through the favour of Pollio, the military governor, and the interest of his patron Mæcenas with Cæsar, retained possession of his lands. In the person of Tityrus he here represents himself, in that of Melibœus an ejected countryman.

MELIBŒUS.

Thou, Tityrus, in the idle shade,
By some wide-spreading beech-tree made,
May'st tune thy pipe, and hum thy song.
Silent, in grief, we trudge along,
Leave our sweet homes, and quit the soil 5
Made sacred by our fathers' toil ;
Whilst soft thy love-note fills the air—
“Young Amaryllis, thou art fair.”

TITYRUS.

Sure, 'twas a god this ease did give :
A god I'll hold him whilst I live. 10

For him shall be my firstlings slain,
 Who bade my oxen graze the plain;
 Whilst I, in safety as they stray,
 Consume in melody the day.

MELIBŒUS.

I wonder, but I envy not: 15
 Confusion reigns in every spot.
 My strength is gone; my spirits fail:
 Ah me! no shepherd's arts prevail.
 The dam amidst the hazels lies,
 And in untimely labour dies; 20
 Twin lambs, the choicest of my flock,
 Bleat out their lives on yonder rock.
 The thunder told it, but my mind
 Was dull, to signs and omens blind;
 The raven croaked it from the tree— 25
 Say who this guardian god may be.

TITYRUS.

Great Rome, so country dwellers dream,
 To my dull thoughts the same would seem
 As yon small town where burghers dwell,
 To whom fat lambs we rustics sell. 30
 But mark me, friend, so like are lambs,
 Or whelps, to full-grown stately dams;
 So above humble withies rise
 Tall cypress branches to the skies.
 But, in good sooth, I hardly dare 35
 Such small things with such great compare.

MELIBŒUS.

Now tell me, neighbour, what new power
To Rome took one home-bound before.

TITYRUS.

Freedom; which comes with riper years,
As white hairs to the barber's shears; 40
When waned proud Galatea's power,
And Amaryllis ruled the hour.
The fattest lambs, the richest cheese,
In vain that scornful dame appease;
Rapacious fingers clutch the gain; 45
She keeps the cash, and jilts the swain.

MELIBŒUS.

I wondered why, like plaintive bird,
Thy sigh was, Amaryllis, heard;
I wondered why ripe apples grow
Ungathered on thy orchard bough. 50
Tityrus, thy whispered name reveals
The love the bashful virgin feels;
The pines, the founts, the woodland grove,
Thy name repeating speak her love.

TITYRUS.

I could not, would not burst love's thrall; 55
On gentler gods I could not call.

But for the youth : I see ; I learn.
 For him each month my altars burn,
 Who heard my prayer, who gave the word
 To bless the herdsman and the herd. 60

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! you hold your own.
 What though your fields, with rush o'ergrown,
 With stones be rough ? yet still thy flock
 May bask upon the well-known rock ;
 Dams on accustomed pastures feed, 65
 Or browse the twigs, or crop the reed.
 No stranger's flock with scab draws near—
 Bane of the sheep, the shepherd's fear.
 Happy old man ! the well-known stream,
 The fount, the shade from mid-day gleam, 70
 The grove, where in the whispering breeze
 The murmur of Hyblæan bees
 Sweet sleep invites, and stock doves woo,
 The woodman's song, the turtle's coo,
 All meet in sweet accord for you. 75

TITYRUS.

Sooner shall stags the ocean range,
 And fish the waves for pastures change ;
 Sooner the Araris shall slake
 The Parthian's thirst, the German take
 Draughts from the Tigris, than depart 80
 His memory from a grateful heart.

MELIBŒUS.

To burning zone, to frozen North,
 Exiles from home we wander forth,
 Oaxis' rapids helpless reach,
 Or land on distant Britain's beach. 85

O! when shall we again behold
 Our crops, our cottage loved of old?
 The soldiers come, a lawless band,
 Lords of our homestead and our land:
 For these the patient peasant wrought. 90

Discord, good friends, this ruin brought.
 Now graft the pears, the vines dispose,
 Unhappy swains, in even rows.
 Farewell, farewell, once happy flock!
 No longer hanging on the rock 95

I see you crop the browse, while I
 With pipe and song contented lie.
 Farewell, farewell, my goats, no more
 I tune the pipe, ye crop the flower.

TITYRUS.

Cheer up, old friend, forget your care; 100
 My couch of fragrant branches share.
 Ripe fruits and cheese I hold in store,
 Full draughts of milk my vessels pour.
 The hamlet's smoke curls in the air;
 Long shadows coming night declare. 105

 ECLOGUE III.

The shepherds Menalcas and Damœtas, after some sharp sparring, elect Palamon as the judge of their merits in song.

MENALCAS.

Whose flock is this, Damœtas, say.

DAMCETAS.

Ægon's: to me consigned to-day.

MENALCAS.

Poor flock, which all untended goes,
 While he the smart Neæra woos :
 Jealous of me he courts the maid, 110
 Thou, with a roguish hireling's trade,
 Twice in an hour dost milk the dams,
 Exhaust their juices, rob the lambs.

DAMCETAS.

Gently, good friend; remember when
 The goat was squinting; and again 115
 When the good-natured laugh revealed
 Where lay the merry nymphs concealed.

MENALCAS.

'Twas, I believe, when spiteful knife
 Mico's young vine deprived of life.

DAMCETAS.

Or when, where ancient beeches grow, 120
You broke young Daphnis' reeds and bow;
Bursting with envy that the boy
Should gifts of partial friends enjoy.

MENALCAS.

What will their lords, if scamps thus dare!
When Damon's goat was in the snare, 125
I witnessed where the caltiff prowled,
As honest old Lycisca growled;
And shouted, Tityrus, watch the sheep.
You skulk, and fain concealed would keep.

DAMCETAS.

To me did that he-goat belong, 130
As victor in the lists of song.
Damon himself the truth confessed,
But gave not, though I sang the best.

MENALCAS.

What! thou from Damon wrest the crown,
Who ne'er didst reeds of shepherd own? 135
Scarce fit in public street to draw
A squeaking note from pipe of straw!

DAMCETAS.

Better in rival song contend:
Our claims alternate verse shall end.
This heifer, and not mean the prize, 140
I stake; whose copious flow supplies

Twin calves, and at the herdsman's door
Swells morn and eve the milky store.

MENALCAS.

Nor sheep or bearded goats are mine,
Nor lambs, nor kids, nor spotted kine. 145
A step-mother and father stern
Together count them night and morn,
And one the kids. But now receive
The priceless gage that I can give.
A bowl round which, with skill divine, 150
Alcimedon hath taught to twine
The ivy-wreath; o'er this the vine,
Obedient to the sculptor's knife,
Runs with the easy grace of life.
Two figures in the centre rise, 155
The wonder of admiring eyes.
Conon; and he the bard whose name
Shrinks from the trumpet note of fame.
Who now with philosophic gaze
The stars and heavenly zone surveys; 160
Now teaches how our flocks to keep,
And when to sow and when to reap.
So precious, ne'er was mortal lip
Permitted from its brim to slip.

DAMCETAS.

Two cups did once, with equal care, 165
Alcimedon for me prepare.
Acanthus stems the handle hide;
And Orpheus, carved upon the side,

The woods are following. Ne'er before
 These cups have left my household store. 170
 And yet nor bowls nor carving fine
 Can match in worth my milky kine.

MENALCAS.

Boaster, thy swift defeat in song
 Shall stop thy arrogance of tongue.
 Palæmon comes : let him decide, 175
 And crush thy venom and thy pride.

DAMÆTAS.

Commence, nor let a vain delay,
 With no result consume the day ;
 For no slight stake, Palæmon friend,
 Rivals for fame in song contend. 180

PALÆMON.

We'll lie beneath the whispering shade
 By gently waving branches made.
 Now warm Spring aids the lingering birth,
 Through field and forest, air and earth.
 Oh, what can be so sweet a time! 185
 'Tis early Spring's delicious prime.
 Sing and reply : the Muses grant
 Their favour to th' alternate chaunt.

DAMÆTAS.

Hail to great Jove's almighty force,
 Fountain of life, and thought, and verse! 190

MENALCAS.

Phœbus, bright fount of song^c and light,
 My praise exalts, my prayers invite
 Thee, spring of wisdom, life, and light.

DAMÆTAS.

With apple in the orchard glade,
 Young Galatea, playful maid, 195
 Provokes pursuit, yet seems to fly,
 Then yields, pretending to be shy.

MENALCAS.

My love at once declares his choice ;
 The very watch-dog knows his voice.

DAMÆTAS.

I know with what my love to please ; 200
 I've watched the ringdove in the trees.

MENALCAS.

Ten golden apples I present :
 Ten more to-morrow shall be sent.

DAMÆTAS.

When her young lips the silence broke,
 What sweet vows Galatea spoke. 205
 Venus heard the amorous play ;
 But some the Zephyrs bore away.

MENALCAS.

Amyntas, why the love disclaim
Of one whose heart is still the same ;
With thee I long the chase to join, 210
And make thy forest dangers mine.

DAMÆTAS.

Iolas, send me Phyllis here.
My birthday without Phyllis near
Is nought. And thou the feast shalt share,
When the ripe first-fruits crown the year. 215

MENALCAS.

To me a long farewell she sighed,
A long farewell, young Phyllis cried :
“ Beautiful one, I love thee well ;
“ Beautiful one, a long farewell.”

DAMÆTAS.

As wolves the sheep and shepherd rend, 220
As hail storms on our fruits descend,
As forests swept by tempests lie,
So at thy frown, dear maid, I die.

MENALCAS.

As willows please the pregnant sheep,
As kids to browse with gambols leap, 225
As vernal showers refresh the sky,
Thy smile, Amyntas, charms the eye.

DAMOCETAS.

Pollio, with observant praise,
 Unasked exalts our rustic lays.
 Bless with your smile, Pierian maids, 230
 The heifer in our sunny glades.

MENALCAS.

Pollio's rich melodies prolong
 The triumphs of our pastoral song.
 See the young bull with conscious might
 And challenge loud enacts the fight. 235

DAMOCETAS.

When thorns bear unguents, honey flows,
 Such bards as thee will Pollio choose.

MENALCAS.

Who Bavius and thy rhymes can read,
 Would gryphins harness for a steed,
 And he-goats to the dairy lead. 240

DAMOCETAS.

Ye boys, who stray where fruits are found,
 Fly, fly the snake upon the ground.

MENALCAS.

Keep back the sheep, from yonder bank
 The ram into the water sank.

DAMOCETAS.

Drive, drive our breeding flocks away, 245
 I'll plunge them all another day.

MENALCAS.

Keep in the shade: the milk-maid tries
In vain the teat which summer dries.

DAMCETAS.

How lean the bull in clover grows;
His blood the soft infection knows. 250

MENALCAS.

No love is this: my lambs decay,
And pine 'neath evil spells away.

DAMCETAS.

Where three ells' breadth the sight confine,
Tell, and as great Apollo shine.

MENALCAS.

Say what kings' names are writ on flowers, 255
And Phyllis takes for ever yours.

PALEMÓN.

Rivals in song, 'tis no light task
To give the judgment that you ask.
Both I extol; nor you, but all
Whom love's sweet passages recall. 260
Boys, close the sluices; see, the plain
Fresh verdure promises again.

ECLOGUE IV.

To the Elder Pollio.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

On his son, born at the happy moment when peace, through his influence, was concluded. Others refer it to Marcellus, the adopted son of Augustus.

Sicilian maids, a loftier theme rehearse :
 Sublimer visions in sublimer verse.
 Let lawns and groves rich notes harmonious hear : 265
 Then swell the song to fit a consul's ear.
 See the last era of prophetic voice !
 The world and its inhabitants rejoice.
 With a fair offspring of celestial birth,
 The reign of innocence returns to earth. 270
 Apollo, fulgent god of beauteous dawn,
 And chaste Diana, bless the glorious morn.
 The iron age retires ; the boy is born.
 Pollio, from thee shall date thy country's praise
 Of ancient virtue, and of peaceful days. 275
 Rest of its sting the base intention fails ;
 Nor fraud creeps in, nor violence prevails.
 Hurr midst the gods shall god-like virtues place,
 Himself the founder of a god-like race.
 The father's will bids war and faction cease : 280
 With milder sway he rules mankind in peace.

To deck thy cradle earth spontaneous pours
 The spikenard's perfume^s and the wealth of flowers,
 Green ivy creeps around with graceful thread,
 And bright acanthus smiles upon the bed. 285
 Undriven flocks their milky treasure yield;
 Nor snake nor poisonous herb infests the field.
 Full swell our harvests as thy years increase,
 And thorns are purple with the grapes of peace.
 Where the gnarled oak in ancient forest grows, 290
 From the rough bark pellucid honey flows.
 But still some trace of ancient greed remains,
 •Ships wound the ocean, ploughs break up the plains:
 Still jealous hate to guard the city calls,
 Strengthens the ramparts and extends the walls; 295
 Again the banner of red war's unfurled,
 Again 'gainst Troy is fierce Achilles hurled;
 Another Argo bears another band,
 And lands her warriors on another strand.
 But when firm age attains to man's estate, 300
 Adorned with all the virtues of the great,
 •No more shall ships to distant zones repair,
 But every clime shall every product bear;
 No more the glebe the harrow's tooth shall feel,
 Nor bleed the vine beneath the dresser's steel. 305
 No more the bull shall in the furrow faint;
 No foreign dyes our native fleeces paint;
 The ram in crimson pride or saffron dye
 Shall graze all beautiful; the lamb shall lie
 Beside his dam, or rise to feed and play, 310
 In purple splendour through the summer day.

See now the Fates with voice consentient join,
 And weave the thread in one unbroken line.
 Lo, lo! he comes: all earth with reverent joy
 Accepts the gift, and hails the heavenly boy. 315
 Vast ocean's waves with sparkling crests rejoice;
 Heaven swells the chorus with celestial voice.

Would that to me such vocal powers were given
 As roll exultant through the courts of Heaven;
 Not Orpheus' self, who led the woods along, 320
 Should march my rapture of triumphant song;
 Not Linus, whom Apollo loves so well.
 What though Apollo lend his tuneful shell,
 Though Pan, with all Arcadia judge, aspires?
 With all Arcadia judge, defeated Pan retires. 325

Your mother smiles: with infant smile and play
 Her weariness through ten long months repay.
 The babe for whom no mother's smile is bright,
 No god shall him to banquet rich invite,
 No nymph await him 'neath the shades of night. 330

ECLOGUE V.

The Elegy of Daphnis.

Sung by the shepherds Menalcas and Mopsus.

MENALCAS.

Come Mopsus, come; since both have skill,
I verse to sing, and you to fill
The pipe with breath; why should we not,
Where elms and hazels on the spot
To stop invite, here rest awhile, 335
And time with song and pipe beguile?

MOPSUS.

'Tis thine to order: I obey.
Whether we halt where zephyrs play
Amidst the trees; or branches wave,
And shade the entrance of the cave. 340

MENALCAS.

Alone, our mountain ridge along,
Amyntas vies with thee in song.

MOPSUS.

What, if Amyntas should aspire
To rival Phœbus with his lyre.

MENALCAS.

If Alcon's praise, or Codrus' strife, 345
 Or Phyllis' charms give music life;
 Mopsus, begin; let Tityrus keep
 His watch as guardian of the sheep.

MOPSUS.

The lines which late I sang, and each 350
 Successive carved upon the beech,
 For thee I'll try again to-day:
 Let rival strains Amyntas play.

MENALCAS.

As purple roses far exceed
 In bloom the beds of common reed,
 As ivy to the olive tree, 355
 E'en so Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

But see, our steps the grotto reach—
 Thus run the lines upon the beech.
 The nymphs the cruel fate of Daphnis weep,
 Mournful and slow the languid rivers creep, 360
 The hazels sigh; and over all prevail
 The long-drawn accents of a mother's wail.
 "O cruel gods, O cruel stars!" she cries.
 "All hope is gone, my child, my Daphnis dies."
 On those sad days no herds the master drove 365
 To the green pasture or the shady grove;
 Nor cared the herd to crop the dewy blade,
 Drink at the stream, or loiter in the shade.

The plaint 'midst rugged rocks, through forests spread ;
 Fierce lions softened howled o'er Daphnis dead 370
 Daphnis grim tigers to the chariot bound,
 And round the spear of Bacchus vine leaves wound.
 As the strong bull's the glory of the kine,
 The purple grape the glory of the vine,
 As fields surpass where crops fall heaviest down, 375
 So thou, O Daphnis, art of all the crown.
 When set thy star obscured by shades of night,
 Pales forsook our folds ; the god of light
 No longer smiled ; foul weeds, and tares, and blight
 Invade our barley, and destroy the grain ; 380
 Thistles and prickly scrub o'errun the plain,
 Cover the fountains, strew with leaves the plains ;
 Daphnis such tribute asks from shepherd swains,
 Then raise a tomb, and on the rustic shrine
 Engrave with pious hand the grateful line, 385
 "Keeper of beauteous flocks, himself more fair,
 Here Daphnis sleeps, to gods and shepherds dear."

MENALCAS.

Sweet is thy verse, as sweet as streams that run
 And sparkle brightly in the noonday sun
 Are to the weary, who their sleep prolong 390
 At noon, thou master of the pipe and song.
 Happy art thou, whose melody can vie
 With him whose voice is tuneful in the sky.
 We too with thee alternate verse can raise
 To him who loved us, and who loved our lays. 395

MOPSUS.

No work more pleasant could our time employ,
 No sweeter music could the ear enjoy.
 The boy deserves it: Stimicon, of old,
 How ran your verse with loud applauses told.

MENALCAS.

The boy, with rapture and with wondering eyes, 400
 The shining entrance to Olympus sees;
 By gods received, sees clouds beneath him roll,
 And all the glories that surround the pole,
 The shepherds, Pan, and Nymphs with tripping feet
 Neath Daphnis' care in glade and thicket meet. 405
 The flocks in soft security repose,
 No treacherous nets the timorous stags enclose.
 The gentle love that reigns in Daphnis' soul
 Breathes through all nature, and pervades the whole.
 I hear loud pæans from the forests rise, 410
 Swell through the hills, and roll along the skies.
 "A god, a god!" through every vale resounds;
 "A god, a god!" from every rock rebounds.
 Four altars here, which grateful worship rears,
 Accept our offerings, and receive our prayers: 415
 To Phœbus two, whose presence gilds the skies,
 To Daphnis two, in bright succession rise.
 Two bowls of milk, two cups of crystal oil
 Shall flow, bland power, to you an annual spoil.
 Here on the bank, if summer shade requires, 420
 Or winter calls us to our household fires,
 From hand to hand the festive bowl shall pass,
 As Chian nectar mantles in the glass;

And all in turn the sacred rites prolong,
 Or with the rustic dance or choral song. 425
 To thee such honours with the year return,
 As vows are paid, and sacrifices burn,
 To bless our fields. As long as boars delight
 In savage freedom on the mountain's height,
 While fishes shoot the liquid waters through, 430
 While bees suck thyme, and grasshoppers the dew,
 So long will we our grateful vows renew;
 And thou as fruit the vines, and harvests grow,
 A god, shalt bind us to our grateful vow.

•
MORSUS.

How can I thank thee? Not the murmuring breeze 435
 That whispers gently through the poplar trees,
 Not the soft cadence of the summer seas
 That lap the shore, nor stream that as it goes
 Washes the pebbles, and melodious flows,
 Could such sweet harmony of sounds prolong. 440

•
MENALCAS.

To thee I give, poor tribute for thy song,
 This pipe on which I've charmed each listening swain,
 Singing of sheep, of shepherds, and of grain.

MORSUS.

This shepherd's staff, round which these rings of brass
 With curious art in polished circles pass, 445
 To thee I give; full many a tongue before
 In vain would praise it, and in vain implore.

ECLOGUE VI.

SILENUS.

Two shepherds, Chromis and Moasilus (representing Virgil and Varus) come upon Silenus asleep under the influence of wine. They bind him with the festive wreaths he had worn, and compel him to relate the mysteries of creation according to the then fashionable system of Epicurus.

'Twas I first taught the Roman muse
 Light pastoral pipe and verse to use.
 But when Mantua's shepherd sings 450
 Of arms, of battles, and of kings,
 Then Phœbus warns him, "Shepherd, keep
 Thy pipe and pastoral song for sheep."
 Others in nobler verse shall raise,
 Varus, thy monument of praise, 455
 Whilst I, obedient to his voice,
 In woodland melodies rejoice.
 Nay, if beneath the summer sky
 Some gentle spirit musing lie
 In shadow from the summer heat, 460
 He'll hear the myrtle boughs repeat
 Thy name, than which no name more dear
 Is wafted to Apollo's ear.
 The muse relates, one summer day
 Half drunk, he's always drunk they say, 465
 And sound asleep Silenus lay.

His Bacchanalian wreath was flung
 Aside, his drinking cap was hung
 And swayed above him on a bough,
 The handle almost wasted through. 470

Two shepherd lads, we need not tell
 Their names, because we know them well,
 Sprang on him, and Silenus bound
 With his own flowery fetters round.

The Faun to sing had promised long, 475
 Promised, and oft refused the song
 Then pretty *Ægle* joined the pair,

Nymph not less mischievous than fair,
 And, amidst much laughter merry,
 Stained with juices from the berry 480
 Forehead and cheeks. Silenus smiled,
 Thus painted, fettered, and beguiled.

“Now vanquished, boys, myself I own:
 Let now the aged Faun alone.
 To you at once I'll give my song: 485
 Light jokes and kiss to her belong.”

The prelude sounds, and in the voice
 The forest denizens rejoice:
 The prelude sounds and at the song
 Fauns move with measured step along. 490

Ne'er did Parnassus so delight
 To hear thy music, God of light;
 Ne'er did the chaunt so sweetly swell
 Through Thrace from Orpheus' magic shell.

He sung how first through boundless space 495
 Borne each to its appointed place,

The seeds of earth, and air, and sea
 Were fixed where each unmoved should be,
 And liquid fire; from whence began
 The life that through creation ran. 500
 Then earth grew hard, and shape acquired;
 And Ocean to his depths retired.
 Thus all things grew from age to age
 With order written on the page.
 Exulting in the new-born day 505
 Earth smiled as darkness fled away.
 The mists ascend, and sail on high,
 In showers descending from the sky:
 Trees feel the renovating power,
 And spring responsive to the shower. 510
 Beasts multiply, and from their home
 Through unfrequented forests roam.
 His song through ancient legends runs;
 How Pyrrha sowed the earth with stones;
 How Saturn reigned; how vultures fed 515
 Insatiate on the living dead;
 How Hylas lost his mates deplore,
 And "Hylas, Hylas!" fills the shore.
 He tells how love a virgin drove
 To rove in madness through the grove, 520
 To bellow with a human voice,
 And in her fancied horns rejoice.
 Ah, hapless maid, foredoomed to stray
 By night through cold, through heat by day!
 The snow-white bull, with lordly grace, 525
 Ranges through flowery meads at peace;

And sleeps with all a lover's pride,
 With some fair heifer[†] at his side.
 Come swift, Dictæan nymphs, enclose
 The lawns where'er the tyrant goes. 530
 We would not even wish to trace
 The hoof-prints of the hated race.
 Perchance some Cretan heifer now
 Is lowing on the mountain's brow ;
 Perchance sweet browse or luscious grass 535
 Invite his footsteps as they pass.
 The maid in vain by suitors sought
 Till by a golden apple caught
 He sang ; then in his verses wound
 The pliant bark the sisters round, 540
 Till where they wept beside the flood
 A grove of yellow poplars stood.
 Consumed by love's erratic flame
 He showed how wandering Gallus came
 And crushed by pensive musings stood 545
 Desponding by Permessus' flood.
 It chanced one virgin from the train
 Of Phœbus heard the boy complain,
 And led him gently by the hand
 To where her sister Muses stand, 550
 With melody of praise and joy
 The Muses hail the tuneful boy.
 Linus from fair Terpsichore born,
 Parsley and flowers his brow adorn,
 Rose from his seat, the silence broke, 555
 And thus kind words of welcome spoke :

"These reeds we give, whose tuneful song
 With rapture filled th' Ascræan throng;
 The forests, when his notes they heard,
 Descended to receive the bard. 560

And thou mayst sing the wood where rose
 The temple in which Phœbus shows
 His glory; and his priests proclaim
 Fate's record in Apollo's name!"
 He told of Scylla, how the strain 565
 Seductive floated o'er the main.

It seemed as if above the flood
 A virgin's faultless figure stood;
 Whilst sea-hounds as they hoarsely yell,
 Of shipwrecked crews and vessels tell. 570

The song goes on with altered strain;
 How Tereus and his sisters twain
 Transformed to birds the tale proclaim,
 Record of infamy and shame.

So he: so where Eurotas flows, 575
 From Phœbus once like strains arose;
 When Nymphs from out the laurel glade
 And fauns had listened as he played;
 Then, as it rolled the vale along
 Echo took up the tuneful song; 580
 Till night to folds led back the sheep,
 And wrapped the world in silent sleep.

 ECLOGUE VII.

The shepherd Melibœus narrates a contest in verse between Thyrsis and Corydon in the presence of himself and Daphnis, who assigned the prize to Corydon.

MELIBŒUS.

By chance, where Daphnis idly lay,
 And half in sleep consumed the day,
 Two shepherds drove their flocks along, 785
 Both masters in the art of song.
 Thyrsis had sheep with snowy fleece,
 And Corydon had large increase
 From milky goats; and both were young,
 And oft in rival verse had sung; 500
 Each ready, when he heard the strain,
 To wake an answering note again.
 Whilst I from cold my myrtles shade,
 Chief of my flock a he-goat strayed,
 Daphnis the wanderer soon deseries; 595
 "Here, Melibœus, here," he cries,
 "Your goat and kids are safe; and here
 Rest, if you can a moment spare,
 See how the herds undriven drink,
 Where Mincius through the sedge-clad brink 600
 Murmurs in chorus with the bees
 Who hum amidst the sacred trees."
 What could I do? No dame have I,
 Nor maid at home, her skill to try;

And ye, my lambs fresh weaned, demand 605
 The succour of a gentle hand,
 Famed are the rivals who contend;
 The contest great, and great the end;
 And sheep, and lambs, and kids give way,
 When Corydon and Thyrsis play. 610
 The Muses listen and rejoice,
 As swells and sinks th' alternate voice.

CORYDON.

Nymphs who tread the tuneful mount,
 And gather round the sacred fount, .
 Whose breath did Codrus' verse inspire, 615
 Fill all our souls with kindred fire;
 Or if such thoughts too high aspire,
 Then let the pipe that breathes of love
 Be welcomed in Apollo's grove.

THYRSIS.

Shepherds, entwine your poet's brow 620
 With the green ivy chaplet now;
 If Codrus envious work him harm,
 With unguents counteract the charm.

CORYDON.

With head of boar and branching horn
 Of stag shall Mycon's hands adorn 625
 Thy shrine: but if, bright goddess, now
 Thy favour waits upon my vow,
 In sculptured marble thou shalt stand,
 Thy buskin girt with purple band.

THYRSIS.

A bowl of milk, a wheaten cake, 630
 Meet offering now, Priapus take;
 But when our flock's increase is told
 In marble stand, or shine in gold.

CORYDON.

Fragrant as Hybla's thyme, more fair
 Than the white swan, at eve repair, 635
 Bright Galatea, to our call,
 When the full bullock seeks the stall.

THYRSIS.

Rough, bitter, vile may I appear
 To thee, if longer than a year
 The day be not. O speed the night 640
 With torch of love and Hymen bright!
 The ox is fed: our vows we pay
 To Venus at the close of day.

CORYDON.

Now grateful is the arbut shade,
 The mossy fount, the tender blade. 645
 The vintage bud, like polished gem,
 In summer bursts from every stem.

THYRSIS.

Great store of wood, the unctuous pine,
 The smoke-stained rafter, all are mine:

 ECLOGUE VIII.

To Pollio, General and Poet.

DAMON AND ALPHESIBŒUS.

The former complains that he was supplanted by Mopsus in the affections of Nisa. The latter describes the incantations and spells to win Daphnis back.

His pipe the shepherd Damon brings, 670
 And with Alpheſibœus ſings.

Liſtens the lynx, ſo ſweet the chime,
 The heifer fails to feed the time,
 Streams halt, his pipe as Damon brings,
 And with Alpheſibœus ſings. 675

O thou, whoſe deeds the world admires,
 Whoſe ſong the Græcian muſe inſpires;
 O would that I fit verſe could raiſe
 For heroes' and for poets' praiſe,
 Would that my wreath of ivy green 680
 Were 'mid thy crown of laurel ſeen.

Night lifted up her veil from earth,
 Morn fragrant roſe with ſpangled birth;
 The cattle fed on luſcious browse,
 As thus the plaint of Damon roſe. 685

DAMON.

O Lucifer, the morning bring,
 While I of faithleſs Nisa ſing,

And, though it be my dying strain,
 Of all her broken vows complain;
 Vowcd before gods, yet vowed in vain. 690
 Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime.
 For Mænalus has ever held
 Strains of love from days of eld;
 Mænalus, whose pine-clad brow
 Has listened to the lover's vow, 695
 Since, mindful of the shepherd's need,
 Pan taught the music of the reed.
 Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime.
 Strange things! The grypbin mates with mares,
 The roebuck with the mastiff shares. 700
 Now, Mopsus, let the torches' flame
 Welcome to home the perjured dame,
 Let shouting crowds with noisy voice
 In nuts and nuptial gifts rejoice.
 Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime. 705
 O Nisa, canst thou love him more
 Than Damon whom thou lov'dst before;
 Complain of my too rude embrace,
 Rough eye-brows, and a bearded face;
 My pipe, my flocks, my all contemn, 710
 Though gods approved our union then,
 Avengers on all faithless men?
 Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.
 Oft wouldst thou in our orchard stand;
 I led thee gently by the hand; 715
 Scarce twelve years old, my utmost stretch
 Could scarce the golden apples reach,

Thy mother smiled to see the boy
Proudly present the golden toy.
I loved! O too delicious joy. 720
Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime.
Ah! now I know where love was born,
On some rough rock by tempests torn.
No infant he of human race,
Nor offspring of a god's embrace; 725
From some wild savage tribe he came,
With heart of ice, but breath of flame.
Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime.
When cruel love the mastery gained,
With blood a mother's hand was stained. 730
More cruel, which? the dame or boy?
Cruel alike both dame and boy.
Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime.
No more do wolves the lambs pursue,
Ripe apples hang where acorns grew, 735
In flowery spikes the alder shoots,
The owl, a swan, no longer hoots.
Who artless reeds untutored bring,
Like Orpheus and Arion sing.
Begin with me, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain. 740
The universe dissolves; farewell,
Ye woods, ye vales, and silver shell,
Farewell; from yonder beetling height
I plunge in ever downward flight.
Cease, cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian chime. 745
This past, Alphisibœus came,
His words his own, the chime the same.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

- Begin the charm : pure waters pour ;
 Burn unguents and the vervain flower ;
 And as your lips the form rehearse, 750
 Complete the spell with magic verse.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 Song, wandering through the stars, once brought
 The moon, such wonders song hath wrought,
 To earth ; of poison robbed the fang ; 755
 And heroes fell as Circe sang.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 The triple colours thrice entwine,
 And round the image bind the line ;
 The image thrice around the shrine 760
 Conduct ; for when the spirits hear,
 Uneven numbers please the ear.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 Three colours, Amaryllis, take,
 Three love-knots, Amaryllis, make, 765
 And, as you weave the love-knots, sing,
 "To Venus I these love-knots bring."
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 As waxen image melts with flame,
 And clay is hardened in the same, 770
 So now I melt in soft estate,
 Now harden in the fire of hate.
 Salt cakes upon the altar place,
 Let laurels crackle in the blaze ;
 Consign the faithless to his doom, 775
 False Daphnis in the flame consume.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.

As the young heifer on the plain
 Seeks to regain the bull again,
 And roves from lawn to lawn in vain, 780
 In lengthened quest consumes the light,
 Unmindful of approaching night;
 Lies down upon the sedge alone,
 And vents her grief in plaintive moan,
 Be such the pain of Daphnis now, 785
 Of Daphnis for his broken vow.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 This vest which once my Daphnis wore,
 This vest which heard his vows of yore,
 I now beneath the threshold place, 790
 The witness of our last embrace.
 This spell my Daphnis will restore
 Such as my Daphnis was before.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 This Pontic drug (the Pontic charm 795
 Is potent aye for good or harm)
 Moeris, the great magician, gave,
 Or life to poison or to save.
 A tawny wolf I've seen him now
 With bloody fang and shaggy brow 800
 Transformed: with this I've seen him cite
 Pale ghosts from out the grave of night,
 Or pass that field of yellow grain
 Away to yonder distant plain.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home. 805
 The ashes, Amaryllis, bring,
 And cast into the bubbling spring,

Nor look behind: 'twould spoil the spell,
 'Gainst Daphnis which is working well,
 All boldly though himself he bears, 810
 Nor gods nor incantations fears.
 Bring home, my verse, bring Daphnis home.
 But see, whilst I the torch delay,
 The altar flames unkindled play,
 Omen of good to me: and hark, 815
 I here the faithful Hylax bark.
 Listen: O tell me, is it so?
 Or do I only dream it true?
 Now let the incantation cease:
 Daphnis, Daphnis comes in peace. 820

 ECLOGUE IX.

After Virgil, by the interest of his patrons at Rome, had been secured in the possession of his own lands, he was yet subject to great annoyance from the military settlers in the district. He therefore determined to proceed to Rome again, and left his bailiff, here called Mœris, in charge, who holds this conversation with a neighbour, Lycidas. Menalcas represents Virgil.

LYCIDAS.

Where bend your steps? good neighbour, say:
 Is it to Rome you turn to day?

MÆRIS.

O Lycidas, that I should hear
 Words which my spirit ill could bear!

“Old folks, move off : I hold your land : 825
 ’Tis vain to plead when kings command.”
 These kids are his, which once were mine ;
 Ill luck to him, his kids, and kine.

LYCIDAS.

Mœris, I thought that we had heard,
 Menalcas, your acknowledged lord, 830
 Before the court would oft rehearse
 Poems of such melodious verse,
 That all this valley was his own,
 From where the hill slopes gently down,
 To yonder point where aged beech 835
 The margin of the streamlet reach.

MÆRIS.

As doves when eagles swoop along,
 So powerless before arms is song.
 Had not the bird, whose voice is fraught
 With warning, peaceful lessons taught, 840
 Neither the master nor the clown
 Had seen another sun go down.

LYCIDAS.

To think that man such guilt should know !
 To what will human passion grow ?
 Menalcas gone : bereft of song : 845
 What hope shall to his friends belong ?
 Who shall invoke the Nymphs ? with flowers
 Who deck the lawn, or weave our bowers ?

Who end the lines I filched away,
 When you went off in idle play 850
 The maiden of my love to court,
 And spend the day in amorous sport?
 "Be active, boy," so ran the song,
 "Nor think that I'll be absent long;
 The milch goats first with browse provide, 855
 Then drive them to the streamlet's side:
 Beware the he-goat, him you'll find
 With horn the readiest of his kind."

MÆRIS.

This fragment now to Varus hear:
 "Varus, thy name the swan shall bear 860
 To heaven, swift sailing through the air,
 Cremona's plaint from every glade
 With Mantua joined cries out for aid."

LYCIDAS.

So may the gods ward off your bees
 On sunny days from poisonous trees; 865
 So may the gods with milk distend
 Their udders, and your herds befriend;
 As you for me, with pipe and song,
 The pleasures of the noon prolong.
 I too would oft, at idle times, 870
 Beguile the hour with rustic rhymes,
 When shepherds, with seductive praise,
 Would dignify my simple lays.

But geese as well with swans may vie
As I heroic numbers' try. 875

MÆRIS.

The theme deserves it, if I can
Remember how the verses ran.
" Why seek amidst the waves to sport,
When earth's rich gems of every sort
Thy presence, Galatea, court? 880
See, the warm breath of purple spring
Gives life to every sweetest thing.
With all the flowers that brightest seem
Spring clothes the margin of the stream.
The vine its graceful tendrils weaves 885
Amid the poplar's silver leaves.
Come, Galatea, and no more
Be deafened by the mad waves' roar."

LYCIDAS.

I think me that one summer night,
(The air was still, the stars were bright), 890
I heard sweet strains of music float;
The words I lost, but caught the note.

MÆRIS.

" Turn, Daphnis, turn thy gaze to where
The Julian star inflames the air,
Expands the blossom on the shoot, 895
And crowns with purple bloom the fruit.

Graft, Daphnis, graft thy trees, nor fear
 Thy sons shall all the produce share."
 Oft was I wont, when life was young,
 Whole days to pass in idle song. 900
 Now memory scarce can aught recall;
 The note is lost, the voice, the all.
 "A wolf has seen you," proverbs say;
 Yet you, Menalcas, knew the day
 When Mœris could both sing and play. 905

LYCIDAS.

Thus ever some excuse you bring:
 "I know no verse, I cannot sing."
 The stream is quiet, and no breeze
 Disturbs the silence of the trees.
 Halfway we've come: one step will bring 910
 In sight the tomb that holds the king:
 Neighbour, put down your kids, and sing.
 Why hurry with the town in sight?
 Or if you fear the rain at night,
 Move on, and should the way seem long, 915
 Shorten the distance with a song.

MÆRIS.

Enough: now business calls: we'll on to Rome.
 'Tis then to sing, should good Menalcas come.

ECLOGUE X.

To the Fountain Arethusa.

Lycoris, the mistress of Gallus, is represented as leaving him to follow into distant climes the course of the Roman army. Gallus, smarting under his desertion, retires to Arcadia, where the rural deities gather round to console him.

Sweet fount of melody, prolong
 For Gallus this my latest song, 920
 In words that may Lycoris move,
 Words from the armoury of love;
 Whilst the milch cows are grazing round,
 And woods receive the tuneful sound.
 So may you unpolluted glide 925
 Beneath Sicania's bitter tide.

Ye Nymphs that thread the forest glades,
 Ye Naiads of the sylvan shades,
 Ye spirits of the tuneful nine,
 In soft lament for Gallus join. 930
 Where were ye when with plaintive moan
 He lay deserted and alone?
 The laurels and the myrtles wept,
 The pines their mournful vigil kept,
 The streamlet as it rushed along, 935
 Sang to the rocks its funeral song.
 The flocks the master's sorrows share,
 The bleating flocks the master's care.

Let none disdain those flocks to feed,
 Of old Adonis deigned to lead. 940
 Slow herdsmen, with their heavy feet,
 The shepherds and Menalcas meet
 Wet from his acorn-gathering task.
 Apollo comes; all anxious ask,
 Whence, Gallus, this consuming fire, 945
 Now pining love, now mad desire?
 Through snows, through all war's rude alarms
 Lycoris seeks a soldier's arms.
 Sylvanus comes, his temples round
 With flowery spikes and garlands crowned: 950
 Pan comes, empurpled oft before
 With berries from the elder flower,
 "When flowers are poison to the bees,
 And to the cattle willow trees,
 When the stream no green supplies 955
 To the meadows then," he cries,
 "Love shall yield to weeping eyes."
 Sad he replied: "Ye shepherds, bring
 Your pipes, and as Arcadians sing.
 How soft the strain! how sweet the song! 960
 How deep would be my sleep and long!
 Whilst hill to hill, and grove to grove
 In every whisper told of love.
 Would that your shepherd life were mine!
 Would that with you I trimmed the vine! 965
 Then with some soft Arcadian maid
 (What though she were of darker shade?)
 I'd wander through each flowery glade;

And, when night came, securely rest
 In rapture on her faithful breast. 970
 Dark berries swell with richest juice,
 Dark flowers the sweetest scent produce.
 "But though she may her reign prolong,
 Her garlands weave, and trill her song;
 To thee, Lycoris, still I turn, 975
 And with my first-felt passion burn.
 Cool founts are here and whispering groves,
 Reminding of our earliest loves.
 Here, where the Zephyrs softly play,
 • With thee I'd breathe my life away. 980
 Rough soldiers now my fair one greet,
 And sharp rocks wound thy tender feet.
 O cruel thought! how far from home
 Do you alone, unguarded roam!
 "I go: 'midst distant strangers stand, 985
 A wanderer in a foreign land;
 On the smooth bark my sorrows tell,
 Expanding as the beeches swell;
 • In plaintive pastoral verse complain
 To the reed's melancholy strain; 990
 And where the wild beasts haunt, relate
 The record of a lover's fate.
 Meantime the mountain nymphs shall hear
 The hound's deep bay, the hunter's cheer.
 O'er rocks, through flooded streams I go, 995
 In regions of perpetual snow;
 Now bend the bow, now hurl the spear,
 By toil undaunted or by fear;

As if such labours calm the breast,
 By the wild fires of love possessed. 1000
 Nor wood nymphs nor the woods delight
 The love-sick spirit's cheerless night;
 Woods, wood nymphs, song in vain appeal
 Where gods for men no pity feel.
 What though amidst eternal snows 1005
 The scorched up sufferer seek repose;
 What though the stricken wanderer turn
 To where the Libyan deserts burn?
 Love reigns with undisputed sway,
 And we the mighty god obey." 1010
 Sisters of song, farewell, no more
 Do I your tuneful aid implore.
 Our task we finished as we lay,
 The basket-weaving of the day.
 For Gallus these: whose love with me 1015
 Increases, as the alder tree
 In spring puts forth the frequent shoot.
 Now, enemy to vine and fruit,
 The dews descend; the shadows fall
 And homeward flocks and shepherds call. 1020

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

TO
HENRY BLACKETT, ESQ.

DEAR MR. BLACKETT,

As this reprint is issued mainly with a view to those who, from kindly recollections of social intercourse or from a stronger tie, have expressed a wish to have some memorial of me, I have, not without your permission, placed your name upon the title page, in token that I enjoy the privilege of counting you amongst that number.

Most truly yours,

J. M. KING.

Christmas, 1870.

TO
HENRY MORLEY, ESQ.,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

DEAR MR. PROFESSOR,

To you I am under an obligation which your ability only could have enabled, and your kind heart have prompted you to lay upon me. I allude to the encouragement which you have given to my child, who, beneath the crushing weight of perpetual blindness, has struggled to win for herself an honourable name * in English literature. If in any degree she may succeed, to you very principally she will owe her reward. To the world your generous aid never can be known : by me it can never be forgotten. To you, a master of the Saxon tongue, I offer this attempt to display the flexibility and copiousness, and, in some instances, I hope, the terse comprehensiveness of our country's language. To me one of the greatest pleasures throughout life, certainly not grown less keen in old age, has been to grapple with words and mould them to my purpose ; specially, to draw up before me a word-army of vigorous Saxons, and drill them to keep step with the Grecian phalanx or Roman cohort.

Very sincerely yours,

J. M. KING.

Christmas, 1870.

“That name has been now attained. The signature of Alice King is valued for the brightness of fancy which colours, and for the high religious tone which affixes the stamp of pure gold to all she writes.”

BOOK THE FIRST.

GRAIN.

THE GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

I sing of grain, of honey-bees, of kine, To thee, Mæcenas, and the purple vine.	The subject proposed.
Ye orbs of light, who bless mankind, and guide Through time the seasons that alternate glide ; Parent of fruits, who from the wondering earth, With acorns strewed, gav'st golden harvests birth ; Thou god, whose heart first pressed the ruddy vine, And dyed the streamlet with the gushing wine ; Ye virgin Dryads, who, with tripping feet, The Fauns propitious to our labours meet ; Great power, whose trident, with almighty force, Left the firm earth, forth sprang, and neighed the horse : Thou, for whose pasture thrice one hundred kine Through Cea's groves in silvery whiteness shine ; Pan, tuneful guardian of the bleating sheep, God of Arcadia and Lycæus' steep, Whose pipe may well a minstrel's labours share, If those blest spots enjoy thy pastoral care ;	Invocation ; The sun and moon. 5 Ceres. Bacchus. Dryads and Fauns. 10 Neptune. Aristæus * 15 Pan.

* Son of Apollo and Cyrene ; educated by the Nymphs, who taught him the arts of curdling milk, bee-keeping, and the culture of olives. He retired to Cea on the death of his son Actæon.

Triptolemus.
 Minerva.
 Sylvanus.

Ye powers, whose emblem is the crooked plough,
 The olive berry, and the cypress bough ; 20
 And all ye nymphs and deities whose care*
 Fosters the fruits our soils spontaneous bear,
 Or to the seed supplies the kindly shower,
 Which drops down fatness on our annual store ;
 Yours are the gifts, your praise the lines rehearse, 25
 Descend harmonious, and exalt the verse.

Augustus
 Caesar.

Unconquered Caesar, round whose brow divine
 The myrtle wreath proclaims thy god-like line ;
 Whether wide earth expectant waits thy nod,
 To bow before thee as her guardian god ; 30
 Or the wrecked sailor, from his yawning grave,
 Invokes thy succour, and escapes the wave,
 While sea-lashed Thule sees her storms subside,
 And Thetis waits thee with her fairest bride ;
 Or at thy light the ancient stars retire, 35
 And heaven in thine expects a purer fire ;
 Whiche'er thy choice—for not, o'er hell to reign,
 Shall Caesar's spirit tread hell's spectral plain, †
 Prosper our course, our bold endeavour bless,
 For on the bard's depends the plough's success. 40

* "The poet here invokes first those deities who take care of spontaneous plants, and then those who shed their influence on such as are sown." — DR. MARRYN.

† There is something highly poetical in thus representing the ancient constellations as receding to welcome the star of Caesar.

‡ Here again great art is shown. The mightiest heroes of the Iliad and the Aeneid passed from earth, to reappear as shades in the region of shadows ; but Caesar may not descend there, even to be king over them

Unlettered swains to thee address the vow:

Enact the god, and make the future now.

Soon as young Spring, bright harbinger of toil,
Dissolves the snow-wreath, and unbinds the soil,
I'll spare them not, what though my bullocks groan, 45
But strain the yoke, and force the coulters down.

Active
Industry

That fallow best repays the farmer's care,
Which well worked out, has worn the polished share;
There double labour reaps a double gain,
And bursting barns proclaim a teeming plain. 50

What fruits by nature various regions choose,
With care consider, and what each refuse. Climate and soil.

Here grain prevails; there flourishes the vine;
Here orchards bloom; wide plains invite the kine.
Strong-scented saffron climbs to Tmolus' height; 55

Arabia's plains in frankincense delight;
Chalybians naked forge the warrior's steel;
Pontus has drugs to poison or to heal;
In India ivory forms the native's store;
The swiftest coursers graze Epirus' shore. 60

'Tis thus we see throughout her varying round
By Nature's laws all Nature's works are bound,
From when Deucalion by a wondrous birth
Raised stone-born people, and requicken'd earth.

Soon as its course the opening year renews,
His strongest bullocks let the master choose,
Stir the rich glebe, and work with patient toil,
That summer suns may dry the heavy soil.

65 Treatment of
the various
soils.

Fail'st thou in this, full soon the rampant weed
Unlocked will flourish, and o'erpower the seed. 70

But if thy farm abound with lighter land,
 Till mellow autumn stay the ploughman's hand :
 Soon will the thinner soil its juices lose,
 And needful moisture to the fruits refuse.
 In years alternate sow the yellow grain, 75
 The next with rest indulge the grateful plain ;
 Or change your crop, and let to grain succeed]
 Green vetches, and the pulse with hollow reed,
 For oats, or flax, or drowsy poppies burn
 The land unless you fallow in its turn. 80
 Much will a change recruit th' exhausted field,
 But clean-worked fallows heaviest harvests yield.
 O'er all thy farm the dung enriching bear,
 Nor filthy ashes in the furrow spare.
 Some thankless soils will swains by burning tame, 85
 And give the stubble to the crackling flame ;
 Fresh powers unknown the altered soil receives,
 Rank weeds are killed, superfluous moisture leaves
 The finer surface, and its pores imbibe
 More healthful juices for the cereal tribe. 90
 Then waits the glebe all ready to retain
 Each passing shower that irrigates the plain,
 And to the seed affords a safe retreat
 From winter's storm or summer's scorching heat.
 Nor less shall Ceres bless his patient toil, 95
 Who with strong harrows breaks a sluggish soil,
 And ploughs the ridge across, and stirs the land,
 And o'er the glebe exerts a stern command.
 Now pay thy vows : be this the ploughman's prayer :
 Bright be the winter day, and moist the summer air. 100

Then on long stems luxuriant waves the corn,
 And golden harvests smiling fields adorn:
 E'en Gargarus' heights instinctively rejoice,
 Full strains of gladness swell e'en Mysia's voice.

Who, when the seed has left the sower's hand, 105 Various
 Rolls down the clods, and smooths the stubborn land, precepts

Why need the muse commend? or those who bring
 The silver streamlet from the bubbling spring?
 O'er the smooth pebbles, down the sloping hills,
 Lo! the swain's ear the murmuring cadence fills; 110

The gasping turf the soft refreshment feels,
 And the parched earth the sparkling river heals.
 Who from weak shoots the early harvests keep,
 And fold with prescient care the nibbling sheep,
 No praise require; nor he whose skilful hand 115

Opens wide channels, and relieves the land,
 And stands secure, when through his neighbour's grain
 The torrent sweeps, and floods the level plain.
 Nor deem that now, all painful labour o'er,
 The ox may rest, the swain enjoy his store. 120

The crane invades, the goose tears up the root,
 Wild succory spreads, the shade destroys the fruit.
 For so great Jove, the sire of all, decreed,
 No works save those that took us should succeed,
 Nor wills his gifts should unimproved remain, 125
 While man inactive slumbers on the plain.

Ere Jove no ploughman vexed the willing field; The Golden
 No jealous boundary bade a neighbour yield Age.
 His right to thine; all sought the open plain,
 And earth, most lavish, teemed with fruits and grain. 130

passes away. Jove to the serpent poisonous juices gave,
 Bade the wolf plunder, and upheaved the wave.
 Now fails sweet honey on the forest bough,
 Now streams no more with generous liquor flow,
 Man seeks for fire concealed within the veins 135
 Of flints, and labour groans upon the plains;
 Till, one by one, worked out by frequent thought,
 Are crude inventions to perfection brought.
 Now waves astonished feel the alder float,
 As the rude hatchet shapes the ruder boat; 140
 And sailors, mindful whence the tempest came,
 Give to each star a number and a name.
 Slight sprynges now the cunning trappers set;
 Dogs bay, beasts trembling plunge into the net.
 The Naiad, slumbering in her watery cave,
 Starts as the fishers lash the dimpled wave;
 Or seek the deep, and in some open bay
 Heave their wet lines, and drag them through the spray.
 Smiths from the fire the pliant metal draw,
 Harden the iron blade, and file the saw; 150
 For erst, unskilled in tools, in customs rude,
 Men with rough wedges cleft the forest wood.
 Thus stern Necessity inventive tried
 Fresh arts,* which life's increasing wants supplied;
 While Ceres watched and taught mankind to plough, 155
 As failed ripe berries on the autumn bough.

* "Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
 Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
 Not only fills Necessity's demand,
 But overcharges her capacious hand."—COWPER's *Charity*.

Henceforth unceasing care all crops demand ;		
Rust eats the stalk, rough weeds invade the land.		The age of labour.
The hand must work, lop boughs, scare birds away ;		
The lips for fertilising moisture pray :	160	
Else whilst thy neighbour feasts on harvest grain,		
Content must thou with woodland fruits remain.		
Proceed my song, the rustic arms explain,		Implements
The plough's firm timbers, and the ponderous wain,		
The heavy drags, the harrow's lighter frame,	165	
The woven osiers stamped with Celeus' name,		
Strong threshing rollers, and, our toil to close,		
The mystic fan which great Iacchus knows.		
He in whose heart the love of Nature glows,		
Who all the glories of the country knows,	170	
Long ere he needs them will these arms prepare,		
Admire and guard them with a lover's care.		
Watch the strong elm when first the saplings spring,		
Bend the young stem, and to your purpose bring.		
This forms the stilts, from these projects the beam,	175	
Eight feet extended ere you yoke the team :		
Two ears * stretch out to clear the coulter's track,		
Joined to the share-beam with its double back :		
Beech for the plough-staff, lime-tree for the yoke,		
Hung by the fire and seasoned in the smoke.	180	
Much might we now in olden books explore,		Various precepts.
And many a precept cull from ancient lore,		

* The term "ears" applies to the extreme parts of the mould-board, and is still used in some districts: "two" evidently alludes to the shifting mould-board of the plough used in steep fields, which is called the shifting, or double plough.

	Unless, perchance, such trifling cares you deem May turn to weariness a pleasant theme.	
Prevention of vermin.	With chalk tenacious tread the thresher's floor, Through open chinks weeds rise and vermin pour, Moles grope below, mice plunder for their young, With all the reptiles that to earth belong ; But weevils, worst, whole heaps of corn devour, And the small ant still fearing to be poor.	185 190
Walnuts.	Where in the grove strong-scented walnuts rise, Observe the lesson which the year supplies : When frequent clusters weigh the branches down, Like heaviest ears the harvest labours crown ; But if the leaves conceal no woodland store, Then empty husks encumber all the floor.	 195
Preparation of seed-corn.	Some, ere committed to the fruitful earth, Soak the ripe seed, and aid the ling'ring birth With lees of oil or pungent brine, and sweat The moistened sample with a gentle heat ; Yet not shall theirs like his nice care succeed, Whose patient hand selects the largest seed. So fate decrees all human things should fail, And man by constant toil alone prevail.	 200
Example of the boatmen.	So if the boatman, who with sinewy force 'Gainst some strong stream impels his shallop's course, Stop for one instant : while his efforts slack, 'The rapid current whirls the pinnace back.*	205

* Dr. Beattie, in his *Theory of Language*, part 2, cap. ii., observes that "atque" in this passage is read in the antique sense, and denotes "immediately," is instantly borne away.

Each star the swain's experienced eye should know, Obse
 Which sunny days, which fouler storms foreshow; 210 of
 As he who sails o'er Pontus' waters dark,
 Or past Abydos steers his homeward bark.
 When Libra's scales with nice-poised justice keep Sea
 An equal time for labour and for sleep, sow
 Then work the plough, with barley sow the plain, 215
 Nor stop till hindered by the winter rain;
 And flax and poppies, Ceres' sacred flower,
 Whilst in the sky still hangs the downward shower.
 The millet-seed, an annual sowing, bring,
 With beans and medick, in the early spring, 220
 When the bright bull his golden front uprears,
 The dog retiring as his horn appears.*
 But if thy produce be the bearded wheat,
 Wait till the Pleiads quit their morning seat,†
 And the bright gem on Ariadne's brow 225
 Pales as the lesser stars succeed and glow;‡
 Nor trust thy hopes with over-hasty hand
 Before unwilling earth the seed demand.
 Some, ere the Pleiads set, their course begin—
 Their ear is empty, and their harvest thin. 230
 Who sow the lentil or the common tare,
 With early frosts their homelier labour share.

* According to Columella, as quoted by Martyn, the Sun enters Taurus about the middle of April, and Canis sets with the Sun about the end of that month.

† The Pleiades set at sun-rising about the 20th October.

‡ In this constellation one star, brighter than the others, rises about the 10th, the rest about the 20th of October.

The months.	In twice six parts the golden sun divides The year, and all our annual labour guides.	
The five zones. The torrid zone. The arctic circles.	Five zones the heaven surround: in one of those His fierce hot ray with constant ardour glows: In two dark clouds and never-ceasing cold Round earth's extremes perpetual empire hold; Between these zones the gods a middle space Assign, in mercy, to man's feeble race.	235
The temperate zones.	Here its broad belt the zodiac spreads, and here The signs successive in their course appear.	240
The zodiac.	High to the north the Scythian hills ascend, In answering line earth's southern limits end: One pole sublime above us rears its head; One 'neath their feet the Stygian shadows spread.	245
The two Poles.	There, like some river that its stream unfolds, His spiral course the scaly dragon holds Between the bears reluctant still to lave Their blazing foreheads in old Ocean's wave.	250
The North Pole.	Here as Fame tells, arrayed in sable vest Night holds one empire of eternal rest; Or when on us the evening-shadows lie, Dawn wakes new splendours in their morning sky; And when for us the steeds with golden mane A flood of glory pour on hill and plain, For them the evening-star with golden light Through heaven's clear azure leads the fires of night.	255
The South Pole.	In doubtful seasons learn we hence to know The time of harvest and the time to sow, When the smooth sea with trustful oars to ply, When fleets to launch, when fell the forest high;	260
The lesson deduced.		

For every star invites us to explore
 The golden legends of its wondrous lore ;*
 And not in vain successive seasons teach 265
 To man the labour that's assigned to each.

In stormy winter to perfection bring
 Those tasks oft slighted in the busier spring. Occupation
 for winter ;

Sharpens the ploughman then his blunted share,
 Then herdsman troughs from hollow trees prepare ; 270
 The careful master counts and marks his sheep,
 Measures his corn and numbers every heap.

Some shape strong poles, some pliant osiers bend—
 These clasp the vine, those upright succour lend.
 Now parch with fire, now break with forceful blow † 275
 The grain: weave baskets from the bramble bough.

Some works there are which festal days admit, for holidays.

No law forbids them, and the gods permit :
 To drain the fields, to fence the rising corn,
 To snare the birds, with fire consume the thorn, 280
 And, if thy flock its healing virtues claim,

To bathe the bleating sufferer in the stream,
 Oft the strong ass beneath its destined load
 Of oil and fruits plods on the dusty road,
 And from the city brings the bartered weight 285
 Of pond'rous mill-stones or a pitchy freight.

* Italy, from its position, brought so many of its inhabitants into contact with the sea, that the husbandman was frequently, to some extent, a mariner also; and hence the population generally were led to observe the heavenly bodies.

† A weak rendering of 'frangite saxo,' where the line ends with an audible bang.

Fortunate and unfor- tunate days.	The monthly moon revolving in the skies Tells how the days with different lessons rise. The fifth avoid, on that ill-omened night Pale Orcus and the Furies saw the light. 290 Terra, convulsed, her giant brood brought forth With horrid labour and unnatural birth. Thrice did the impious band their oath repeat, To hurl great Jove from his celestial seat. Upheaved on Pelion Ossa tottering stood ; 295 All vast Olympus, with its nodding wood, With impious boldness thrice the daring race Roll, labouring, forward, and on Ossa place. Jove from the spheres his awful thunder hurled, Struck down the monsters, and restored the world. 300 Dawns the seventeenth propitious to the vine, Then yoke the ox; then, busy maidens, twine Your flaxen thread; the ninth the foot protects That flies oppression, but the thief detects.
In-door work at night	Some through the winter nights long vigils make, 305 And for the blazing torches point the stake. Then thrifty dames their midnight task prolong, Weave the strong web, and hum their cheerful song, Boil down sweet must still bubbling to the brim, And with broad leaves the seething cauldron skim. 310
Out-door work at night.	Meadows and stubbles cut while eve the blade Helps with damp dew, and lends a grateful shade.
Work at noon.	But plough or sow while glows with heat the plain, Reap the red harvest, and thresh out the grain.
Winter.	Inactive winter idle sees the swains 315 Enjoy their store, and count their well-earned gains;

Warm hearts warm hearts, with honest welcome greet,
 Round the full board the mirthful neighbours meet.
 So the stout ship, that late shook out her sail,
 Cut the wild waves, and struggled with the gale, 320
 Now, decked with garlands down her painted sides,
 'Midst cheers of welcome at her anchor rides.
 Nor want their labours for the winter day,
 While oaks yield acorns, berries crown the bay.
 When broken ice whirls down the stream amain, 325
 And the deep snow encumbers all the plain,
 The snare is set: the hare the tumult flies;
 The wounded quarry shuns the net, and dies.
 Why need the Muse the shortening days declare Autumn.
 Of storm and autumn and its annual care, 330
 When spiky corns as bristle on the plain,
 And milk's sweet juices swell the harvest grain?
 Oft have I seen contending tempests rise, A storm.
 And whirl the flying harvest to the skies.
 Through the dense air the watery vapours sweep, 335
 And pile on pile dark clouds forsake the deep,
 From the rent mass pours down the sluicy rain,
 Till the whole sky dissolves upon the plain.
 O'er fertile fields the torrents madly roar,
 The billows burst resounding on the shore. 340
 Throned on the storm eternal Jove hath hurled
 His fiery bolt, and quakes the solid world.
 Men's hearts for fear have failed, wild beasts have fled;*

* "The earth is trembling, and, therefore, that circumstance is present, quakes; but when you look around you, you find the wild beasts have disappeared, and, therefore, have fled away before you

	Swift through the air the coruscations spread ;	
	The mountain tottering nods its shaggy head.	345
	The storm redoubles, tempests howl around,	
	The forests now, and now the shores resound.	
Observe the stars.	Prescient of these, what stars rough storms presage	
	Observe revealed upon the heavenly page,	
	Or where the cold Saturnian orb retires,	350
	Or Mercury wanders with his golden fires.	
Sacrifice.	With pious haste thy grateful offerings lay	
	On the green altar, and to Ceres pray.	
	Cold winter's gone: 'tis spring's delicious hour :	
	Fat are thy lambs and rich thy Chian store.	355
	Cool mountain shades afford a soft retreat,	
	The skies are cloudless, and our slumbers sweet.	
	Now let thy youth at Ceres' grassy shrine	
	Sweet cakes present, and pour the mellow wine ;	
	Thrice round the altar be the victim led,	360
	And the warm blood in streams propitious shed,	
	While shouting crowds the glad procession share,	
	And call the goddess with their frequent prayer.	
	Nor thrust the sickle in the harvest grain	
	Till oaken chaplets crown each willing swain,	365
	Where uncouth dances and the artless song	
	Till dewy night the rustic feast prolong.	
Signs of the weather.	What signs the ceasing of the storm foretell,	
	For folding sheep what forms the rustic spell,	

lifted your eyes."—DR. BEATTIE'S *Theory of Language*, part 2, cap. ii. See all pp. 621 and 632, 4to edition of his 'Essay on the Sublime.'

How heat, and rain, and driving winds succeed, 370
 In Nature's book unlettered herdsmen read,
 Taught by that lore which, with prophetic skill,
 Reads in the moon her great Creator's will.

Ere tempests rage, the billows swellings rise,
 A crackling noise along the mountain flies, 375

Foul
 weather.

Or hollow gusts sweep o'er the howling shore,
 And mix their murmur with the forest's roar.
 The hern deserts the marsh, and seeks the sky;
 To shore the cormorant and the sea-coot fly,
 Wheeling from cliff to cliff discordant scream, 380
 Or bathe and flutter in the shallow stream:

Then groans the vessel labouring on the main,
 And scarce their jaws the greedy waves restrain.
 Stars shooting through the sky high winds portend;
 Leave a white track, and to the earth descend. 385

Slight straws and falling leaves are whirled away,
 And in light circles airy feathers play.
 When lurid flashes in the north appear,
 And thunder shakes from east to west the sphere,
 Down the full dykes the foaming torrent pours, 390

His tapering spar the watchful sailor lowers.
 The crane observant sees the storm increase,*
 Then downward wheels, and seeks the valley's peace;
 The heifer snuffs the gale, and rears her head,
 Her aspect anxious, and her nostrils spread; 395
 The swallow twittering flits the mere around;
 The croaking frogs awake their ancient sound;

* At the commencement of the storm the same bird, or its con-
 gener, rises from the marsh; v. 374.

Ants in long files along the pathway creep,
 Their eggs removing; and the bow drinks deep.*
 With wings loud clapping in their evening flight 400
 Rooks seek deep shelter, and avoid the night.
 Birds of the fens, that with discordant scream
 In frequent flocks disturb Cayster's stream,
 Run on the waves, in watery circles play,
 Then dive and splash their plumage with the spray. 405
 Stalking along the solitary plain,
 With boding voice the crow invites the rain;
 While maidens, busy at their evening toil,
 Read the same omen in the sputtering oil.
 Signs of fair weather. With equal ease observant eyes descry 410
 A cloudless season and an open sky.
 No blunted ray makes dim the stars of night,
 The moon resplendent owns no borrowed light,
 No fleecy clouds the firmament obscure;
 No halcyon timorous basks upon the shore, 415
 On the calm sea the birds securely float—
 Soft heaves the wave, light sways the mimic boat.†
 No filthy swine unbind with greedy snout
 The harvest sheaves, and toss the straws about.
 The mountain mists no more a storm portend, 420
 But in soft vapours to the vale descend.
 No screams discordant scare the realms of night,
 Where wings the solemn owl her silent flight.

* The rainbow was supposed to suck up the water which returned in rain.

† I must ask indulgence for this superadded image.

When virgin blushes o'er her disk diffuse,
 She tells of wind, and reddens with the news.
 If her fourth rising be in cloudless light, 450
 Bright is the day, and still the peaceful night
 Through all her course: the peasant knows no care,
 And Melicerta grants the sailor's prayer.
 from the Sun. The sun, or setting tells to-morrow's day,
 Or when he rises on the shepherd's way, 455
 Who knows full well, if mists obscure the dawn,
 A showery day confirms a gloomy morn:
 Scouring the waves the south wind sweeps the plain,
 Adverse to vines, to cattle, and to grain.
 But if his rays a thousand ways divide, 460
 Or pale Aurora quits Tithonus' side,
 In vain the vine-leaves shade the tender shoot,
 Large hail-stones wreck the promise of the fruit.
 Let none to mark his evening colours fail,
 But watch what lines upon his orb prevail; 465
 Blue warmer showers, wind fiery red foreshows,
 The storm increases as the brightness glows:
 Rough comes the night: then, mariner, forbear
 To loose thy cable, and of wreck beware.
 But if with cloudless ray and equal light 470
 He rise all-glorious, and sink down at night,
 No tempest bursts, no whirlwind shakes the scene,
 Cool breezes gently wave the woodland skreen.
 Alike the sun by signs prophetic shows
 The storms of nature and our country's foes, 475
 How secret treason arms the traitor's hand,
 And civil strife pollutes a guilty land.

When Cæsar falls, grief shrouds his glorious head,
 And impious men eternal darkness dread : The death of
Julius Cæsar.
 Fierce ban-dogs howl : loud scream all birds obscene : 480
 Earth rocks : seas heave, in wild confusion seen.
 From Etna's caves, where flames imprisoned roar,
 The riven sides a molten deluge pour.
 The clang of squadrons and the clash of arms,
 Heard in the sky, Germania's tribes alarms. 485
 Struck with mysterious awe the forests quake,
 And Alps' rude mountains to their centre shake.
 An awful voice disturbs the groves at night ;
 Pale spectres walk and vanish with the light.
 Dumb cattle speak, dire omen to the land ; 490
 Swift streams arrested in their channels stand ;
 Earth gapes ; the ivory weeps at Cæsar's fate,
 The brazen image recks with bloody sweat.
 The king of floods his angry torrent pours, The river Po.
 And tears whole forests from their wonted shores, 495
 Swells into waves, and past the trembling swain
 Whirls flocks and folds, and foams along the plain.
 The slaughtered sheep ill-omened entrails shows ;
 With streams of blood the crystal fountain flows ;
 Gaunt wolves familiar round the city prowl, 500
 Disturb the night, and ominously howl.
 Strange sight, through cloudless skies the lightnings play,
 Strange comets fill the people with dismay.
 So twice on Græcia's plains our squadrons wheel,
 And Roman legions feel the Roman steel ; 505
 So twice, by Jove's decree, a hostile shore
 Drinks in, and fattens on our kinsmen's gore.

Nay, time shall come, when o'er Pharsalia's plain
 The ploughman stirs the furrow for the grain,
 'Gainst Roman arms the iron teeth shall strike, 510
 The empty helmet and the rusty pike;
 And dead men's bones by their gigantic size
 His gaze arrest, and fix his wond'ring eyes.
 Gods of our fathers, ye who dwell on high,
 Heroic chiefs, translated to the sky, 515
 Ye who o'er Latium's palaces preside,
 Still guard our country, and her counsels guide.

Augustus. One hand alone can save a sinking world,
 In wild confusion from its balance hurled;
 That hand support, nor all our race destroy 520
 Pursued by vengeance for the crimes of Troy.
 To halls of rapture and celestial life

The deifica-
 tion of Cæsar. Heaven summons Cæsar from a world of strife,
 Where wrong with right an impious race confound,
 War stalks, and tumults through the earth resound; 525
 Guilt turns its hateful course a thousand ways,
 And man no honour to the ploughshare pays.
 Fields lie neglected while the peasants fight,
 The peaceful sickle gleams a falchion bright.
 Euphrates here draws out her marshalled band, 530
 Germania's legions there in armour stand.
 Their ancient faith discordant cities break,
 And guilty nations martial thunders shake.
 So when the chariots from the barriers bound,
 The speed increases as the wheels whirl round, 535
 On, on, the fiery courser mocks the rein,
 And rushes headlong o'er the wide champaign.

BOOK THE SECOND
TREES.

BOOK II.

<p>I've sung the stars, I've sung the yellow grain ; The vine, the olive, and the copse remain, Hail, Bacchus, hail : earth's choicests gifts are thine, The foaming wine vat, and the luscious wine. Hail, father, hail : thy buskins cast aside, And with thy votary tread th' empurpling tide.</p> <p>See how, without the cultivator's art, On plain and valley into being start The limber broom, the poplar's lofty crown, The pliant osier, and the willow's down. Self-sown* the oak † to Jove its branches rears, Where fate's deep voice the Grecian augur hears ; So lofty chestnuts burst their outer ring, And future forests from their kernels spring. The elm, the cherry, and the laurel shoot In wild luxuriance from the parent root. And thus each tree in grove or forest grew, Ere man fresh methods by experience knew.</p> <p>One cuttings plants, and draws the furrow round ; One trenches larger branches in the ground, Sharpens the point, or, with still nicer art, Draws lines across, and splits the lower part.</p>	<p>Invocation.</p> <p>5</p> <p>Trees of spontaneous growth.</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>Propagation by art.</p>
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* I take this to be the true meaning of "posito;" we have not yet come to artificial propagation by man.

† "Æsculus," the broad-leaved oak.

- These love to bend their boughs in arches down,
Rejoiced to see a nursery of their own.
Here the bold planter lops the topmost shoot, 25
To seek a home, and strike itself a root.
Nay, if you cut the olive trunk in twain,
E'en the dry stem puts forth fresh roots again.
- Grafting More wondrous change: ripe apples grow on pears:
The grafted sloe vermilion cherries bears. 30
- Advantage
of science. Thus learn wild fruits to swell with richer juice,
And rugged grounds a kindlier race produce.
Rich vineyards blush upon the mountain soil
Of Thrace, Taburnus flows with olive oil.
- To Mæcenæus. Do thou, Mæcenæus, in the labour join, 35
And be the glory or the merit thine.
Wide is the space: shake out the swelling sail,
Launch the light bark, and catch the favouring gale;
Yet, wisely prudent, eye the winding shore,
Nor waste on boundless seas the muse's power. 40
No ceaseless voice is hers, no iron tongue,
Nor wandering fancy that retards the song.
- To make
trees fruitful. Some trees their boughs in wild luxuriance spread,
With leaves abounding, and a branching head:
In native richness * these too rudely spring, 45
And no ripe clusters to perfection bring.
Oft a changed soil will fruitful branches grant;
Or graft its vigour with a kindlier plant:
Repress their faults, their energies command—
Rich is the product that awaits thy hand. 50

“Solo natura subest.”

Unfruitful thus will suckers oft arise,
Till man the aid of art inventive tries,
And by transplanting a fresh power supplies.

Art quickens all : for seeds but slowly spring,
And tardy shade to future ages bring.

Advantages
of culture.
55

Wild apples fail in flavour and in juice,
And sorry grapes uncultured vines produce.
'Thus skill and care one general law demands,
Directing science, and industrious hands.

The olives best from solid truncheons shoot ;
By layers the vines, by sets the myrtles root :
Hæzel, and ash, and oak, and poplar, crown
Of great Alcides, bend in suckers down ;
So springs the fir, which hardy sailors launch,
And palm, that towering rears his graceful branch.

60 Methods of
propagation

Grafted the plane no more its barren root
Bewails, but glories in Pemonæ's fruit ;
Its own soft pulp the arbutus rejects,
And the strong walnut's progeny expects :

65

Grafting.

Transformed themselves the chestnuts scarcely know 70

Beneath the foliage of the beechen bough :
White with the bursting blossoms of the pear
The mountain-ash no bright red berries bear :
While the old elm astonished shakes his head,
And bristly swine are now with acorns fed.*

75

By the same law, though in a different way,
The budded stems the master's knife obey.

Budding,
its difference
from graft-
ing.

· I acknowledge to some prolixity in setting forth the marvels
of grafting.

Just where the shoots their tender vestments break,
 In the green bark a slight incision make,
 A foreign bud from other branches choose, 80
 And the thin covering round the stranger close.
 But he who grafts cuts through, with bolder art,
 The rising stem, and cleaves the solid heart ;
 New sap, ascending through the grafted shoot,
 Bursts in fresh leaves and unaccustomed fruit. 85

Varieties in
 trees and
 fruits.

Now learn what vast varieties divide
 The gloomy cypress, fountful Ida's pride,
 The lotus tree, and olives, where abound
 The Pausian rough, the oval, and the round ;
 How apples sport ; how Schyria's * happy soil 90
 With rich variety the peasant's toil
 Repays ; and how our native gardens bear,
 Each rivalling each, the rich and luscious pear.

Varieties in
 vines and
 wines.

Italia's vineyards grow a different vine
 From those whose juices yield the Lesbian wine. 95
 The Thasian peasants, as their draught they make,
 Heed not the wine of Mareotis' lake ;
 This in a heavy soil luxuriant grows,
 A lighter tilth best suited is for those. 99
 Sweet must when dried † the Psythian grapes produce ;
 Purple and early ripe burst out with juice ;
 Sparkles the light Lageos, till men feel
 Their words come double, and their footsteps reel ;
 The Rhaetian grape, which needs no poet's lays,
 And yet to thee, Falernian, yields the praise ; 105

* Another name for Phœnicia.

† The darker-coloured and sweeter varieties of sherry are made from the grapes half-dried.

Aminian vines that cups do potent pour,
 They rival Chios in her generous store ;
 Small grapes from which full vats to Argos flow,
 That through long years increasing fragrance know ;
 Rhodes' fruit far-famed, that gives to gods their wine, 110
 To man libations ; and the cluster-vine,
 But vain the task, and who such task would claim ?
 To cite their number, and repeat their name.
 What curious gaze each drifting atom knows,
 When the strong wind on Afric's desert blows ? 115
 Their foaming crests what straining vision counts,
 When the white billow upon billow mounts ?
 With soils trees vary : deep the alder's root
 Sinks in the marsh : by streamlets willows shoot :
 The mountain-ash climbs up the barren moor : 120
 The Paphian myrtle loves the sunny shore :
 Bacchus, to thee warm genial slopes are due :
 Cold winds and northern climes befit the yew.
 Survey the earth through all its wide extent,
 From painted Scythians to the Arab's tent 125
 * Trees lands divide : dark ebony declares
 India its home ; rich gums Sabæa bears :
 Sweet unguents sweat from Syria's balsam shoot :
 Th' acanthus * speaks with medicated fruit :
 Libyans have groves as flocks with fleeces white : 130
 And Seres leaves with silken tissue bright : †
 High 'midst the clouds the Indian's arrow flies—
 No laggard he to claim the bowman's prize—

Varieties of
soil and
climate.

* The true acanthus of the East, the fruit of which grows in pods, and is gathered for medicinal purposes.

† The silk thread was supposed to be a portion of the leaf itself.

Higher and higher still his giant forests rise.
 On Media's shores there grows a pungent fruit, 135
 Whose buds ne'er fall, though tempests shake the root.
 If jealous hate has worked its victim harm,
 And deadly poison mixed with potent charm,
 Man's swollen veins the healing fruits reduce,
 And the black poison flies the generous juice. 140
 These stately trees the bay's smooth foliage bear,
 But with a scent their own perfume the air.
 Hence aromatic sweets embalm the breath;
 And age and asthma vainly league with death.
 But neither Media's groves nor Ganges' tide, 145
 Nor India's woods, nor streams that golden glide,
 Nor sweet Arabia's perfume-laden air,
 Can with thy glories, Italy, compare.
 No bulls fire-breathing here alarm the swain,
 No crested harvest horrent on the plain, 150
 Reared spear and spike instead of yellow grain;
 But waving crops present a peaceful spoil,
 And Bacchus revels in a genial soil,
 The olive drops its unctuous berries down,
 And joyful herds the smiling landscape crown. 155
 With crest erect, and glory in his mane,
 The generous courser wantons on the plain.
 Here sacred flocks in peaceful plenty browse,
 And crown the issue of a nation's vows;
 The lordly victim from Clitumnus' wave 160
 Shows guardian Jove omnipotent to save,
 When civic pomp that leads our heroes home
 Proclaims the triumphs and the gods of Rome.

Praise of
Italy.

Warm Spring prevails through seasons not its own :
 Twice breed the flocks, twice fruits the orchard crown :
 Wild beasts are not : the field no poison holds : 166
 No scaly monster drags its giant folds.

Vast works of art men's wondering gaze command ;
 Firm based on rocky cliffs fair cities stand ;
 Their strong foundations flowing waters lave ; 170
 And north and south proud vessels ride the wave.

Here lovely Larius washes Comum's shore ;
 Benace's waves with mimic tempest roar :
 Lucrinus there displays its wondrous mound—
 The seas upheaved indignantly rebound— 175

Where Tuscan waters in Avernus' lake,
 A peaceful haven for our navies make.

Rich veins with silver and with copper glow,
 And over sands of gold bright waters flow. 180

Patient of labour, hardy, bold, and free,
 Ligurians, Marsians, Sabines, Volsci, see.
 Camilli, Marii, Decii, here unite,

With Scipios twain, invincible in fight.
 And thou, great Cæsar, through the world renowned,
 By Asia honoured to earth's utmost bound, 185

On whom disarmed all India's chieftains wait
 In savage grandeur and barbaric state.

Land rich in fruits, and in heroic men,
 In whom the age of Saturn lives again,
 For thee I open founts of ancient lore, 190

And catch the echoes from Bœotia's shore.

First learn observant how each different soil
 Directs our labour to a different toil. Different soils :

-
- For olives. On the hill-side with clay and gravel spread
 Minerva's olive rears its ancient head ; 195
 On such a soil wild olive-trees abound,
 And woodland berries strew the bushy ground.
- For vines. Where the thick grass in rich luxuriance grows,
 And verdant turf a happy moisture shows,
 Where streams enriching leave the mountain's side, 200
 And the fern turns the crooked share aside,
 There future husbandmen behold the vine,
 With clusters laden, pour a fragrant wine ;
 Such as men see in golden goblets foam,
 As prostrate crowds adore the gods of Rome, ° 205
 When the sleek Tuscan sounds the note of praise,
 And victims crumble in the altar's blaze.
- For herds
 and flocks. For flocks or herds seek far Tarentum's plain,
 Or fields which thou hast lost, poor Mantuan swain,
 Where the white swan green pastures sails between, 210
 And bubbling rills refresh the verdant scene,
 Where what through all the day's long summer hour
 The flocks consume, the night's cool dews restore.
- Grain. Blest is his lot, whose harvest crowns a soil
 Which rich yet crumbles 'neath the ploughman's toil. 215
 There swains rejoice, there groans the laden wain,
 And pant strong bullocks on the dusty plain.
 So, when some bold adventurer fells the wood,
 Which through long ages unmolested stood,
 Grubs up the roots which raise the ploughman's wrath,
 And calls its unexhausted treasures forth, 221
 Where, lingering still, the plaintive birds return,
 Wheel round the ruins, and their dwellings mourn,

Soon heaviest crops wave o'er the level space,
 And cultivation shows a smiling face. 225
 But hungry gravel on the steep hill-side
 Will scarce "sprigged rosemary"* for bees provide,
 Where in corroded chalk the serpent lies,
 And the rank weed its poisonous food supplies.
 But chief a light free-working furrow note, 230
 Where flying vapours on the surface float,
 Whose veins the fertilising dew restore
 With open breast imbibed through every pore,
 Where native pastures bear the sweetest grass,
 And free from salt and scurf the ploughshares pass. 235
 There round tall elms strong vines luxuriant twine,
 There the green olive's richest berries shiue,
 There sleekest herds the pasture land adorn,
 And smiling Plenty fills her golden horn.
 Such Capua crown, on such Vesuvius gleams, 240
 Such Clanius waters with its brawling streams.
 Now learn by fresh experiment to know Different
tests for soils.
 Where flourish vines, where grains luxuriant grow ;
 For fruits of Ceres stiffer glebes require,
 Thy grapes, great Bacchus, lighter soils desire. 245
 In some smooth spot upon the level ground By
compression.
 Deep sink a pit, and pile the earth around ;
 This done, the earth with careful hand replace,
 And tread it firmly in its former space.
 If sinks the soil, for vines select the plain ; 250
 The rising glebe demands the labouring swain,

"Sprigged rosemary the lads and lasses bore."—GRAY.

-
- Let your stout bullocks in the furrow toil,
Crush the stiff ridge, and break the sluggish soil.
- By taste. Thus may a salt and bitter soil be known,
Whose niggard breast scarce yields what man has sown,
Where juicy apples hang a withered fruit, 256
And the best vines confess a poisoned root.
In osier sieves, suspended from a beam,
Mix the loose earth, and catch the trickling stream;
Then, while the bitter draught another takes, 260
Watch the wry faces which the taster makes.
- By handling. A richer soil that speaks of heavier land,
When rubbed still clings adhesive to the hand.
- An undrained soil. In the wet marsh too rank the blade may spring,
And the tall stalk no answering harvest bring. 265
- Test by weight. Poised in the balance all their weight declare:
These sink depressed, those mount into the air.
- By colour. The eye at once will different colours trace.
- By the native trees. Short, stunted firs betray a barren place,
Where poisonous yews and straggling ivy show 270
A climate bleak, a worthless soil below.
- The vineyard. These rules observed: again with prescient care
For the young vine its future home prepare.
- Preparation of the ground. Trench deep the ground, and to the frozen* north
Turn the dull clods; and stir the sluggish earth. 275
- Quarter of the heavens. Nay more: where'er the future vine must grow,
Like soil and climate let the cutting know,
Lest the young plant reject the sudden change,
And deem its new adopted mother strange.

To destroy the weeds and pulverise the soil.

E'en have I known some careful planters mark	280	
The different quarters on the tender bark,		
So, as at first the early branches stood,		
A like position meets the ripened wood.		
If strong your soil, let ranks be frequent found ;		Distance
If light, indulgent spare the poorer ground.	285	between the plants.
But still your lines mark out with nicest care,		Exactness in the ranks,
And each to each with strict exactness square.		
So when in war our marshalled legions stand,		as in an army drawn out.
And range their cohorts at the chief's command,		
Exactly formed, in beautiful array,	290	
One even front their steady ranks display,		
And targe and helm along the level line		
Like one wide sea of gleaming metal shine,		
While Mars admiring shows his awful form,		
The stern disposer of the iron storm.	295	
E'en thus the planter, ere he sets his vines,		
Marks out his vineyard with diverging lines,		
An equal space assigns to every root,		
And equal freedom to each tender shoot.		
Though forest trees a deeper trench demand,	300	Depth.
I plant my vineyard with a gentler hand ;		
Unlike the oak, whose roots as deep descend		Longevity of the oak.
As high its branches to the heaven ascend.		
When tempests rage, and falling forests rock,		
Its sturdy might defies the puny shock,	305	
Firm in its strength, unconscious of decay,		
Sces children's children rise and pass away,		
Still stands unmoved, gnarled monarch of the plains,		
And the vast shade with giant strength sustains.		

- Aspect for a vineyard,
 and freedom from other trees. Where the first sun-beam earliest warmth supplies, 310
 Unmixed with other shrubs let vineyards rise:
 The evening sun to grapes ungenial shines,
 And the brown hazel robs the fruitful vines.
- Selection and care of cuttings. Soon pines a cutting from the topmost shoot,
 The lowest branches strike the readiest root. 315
 And, oh, forbear to bruise with blunted knife
 The tender bark, or wound the source of life.
- Danger of fire, and of the olive. Oft will a spark from careless shepherd's hand
 Wide ruin spread, if unctuous olives stand
 To nurse the flame; the fiery vengeance pours 320
 Through all the branches, and the vine devours,
 Scorched up the vineyard languishes and dies,
 Whilst the wild olives o'er the ruin rise.
- Time for vineyard cultivation. Let none persuade, howe'er reputed wise,
 To stir the soil when northern winds arise, 325
 When the cold frost would nip the tender birth,
 And iron winter shuts the womb of earth.
- The stork. In early spring, when first the stranger bird,
 To snakes destructive, on our shores is heard,
 Then plant thy vines; or when the summer ray 330
 Is quenched, and yields to autumn's milder day;
 Before the sun, in rapid circles whirled,
 To winter's icy gripe yields up the world.
- Spring. Green leaves unfold, the woods in spring rejoice;
 Swells the warm glebe, and with impatient voice 335
 The seed demands; the god who fills all space,
 All earth compresses in one vast embrace;
 All earth, now conscious of almighty power,
 Waits the glad advent of the genial shower.

The tuneful birds in lonely thickets sing 340
 Their amorous descant, and proclaim the spring ;
 The lowing herd the soft infection feels ;
 Earth teems prolific as the warm breath steals
 Of zephyr o'er her ; dews refreshing rise ;
 The tender grasses dare the sunny skies. 345
 Secure the vine puts forth each polished gem,
 Hope of the vintage, from the bursting stem.
 Then rose, the tenants of Saturnian earth,
 Men, beasts, and cattle at a wondrous birth,
 When heaven, with unaccustomed * splendours bright,
 Enfolded all in new-created light. 351
 Rough winds were hushed, sweet Spring's refreshing power
 Smiled on the weakness of that infant hour,
 Till, hardened by the strength experience gives,
 The young creation in full vigour lives. 355
 In rich, deep loam embed the vine's young shoot, Care of the
 Where the warm vapours nurse the tender root ; Vine.
 Then on the surface spread broad stones, the rain
 Runs off, the scorching sun beats down in vain.
 Through all thy vineyard guide, with patient toil, 360
 Rank after rank, the plough, and lift the soil.
 Now busy hands the various props prepare,
 Peel the smooth rod, and point the ashen spear ;
 His surly blast in vain rude Boreas tries,
 From branch to branch upheld the tendrils rise. 365
 Whilst the young limbs with eager effort try
 And loosened reins to climb the summer sky,

"Cum prima . . .
 . . . et sidera cœlo."

Oh, check not yet their first sweet taste of life
 With the rude edges of the ruthless knife,
 Till the strong branches, waving in the air, 370
 A vigorous grasp require and sterner care;
 But where the crowded shoots more space demand,
 Nip off the stragglers with a gentle hand.
 Watch well your fence, for wild or wandering kine,
 Than storm or hail more hurtful, wound the vine; 375
 Where'er the tooth injurious leaves a mark,
 Wide spreads the poison, and corrodes the bark.
 Doomed for this crime, before the rustic shrine
 Goats slain appease the guardian of the vine;
 And bleating kids at Attic feasts reward 380
 The first rude actors and the tragic bard,
 Where jesters dancing, 'mid their laughter loud,
 On greasy wine-skins, charm the gaping crowd.
 Still to the god, whose images are hung
 The trees amongst, are mystic verses sung; 385
 And rustic hands some rude resemblance trace
 In masks of bark to man's or demon's face.
 Thus fruitful vines to men large produce bear,
 Valley and grove the rich luxuriance share,
 And teeming plenty all our care repays, 390
 Where'er the god his honest face displays.
 To Bacchus raise the hymn, and to the stake
 The victim bind, the sacrificial cake
 Grateful present, let smoking entrails rise
 In clouds of adoration to the skies. 395
 Still labour calls thee: to her call attend;
 By Jove ordained, but not ordained to end.

Early
religious
rites

still
continued.

Worship of
Bacchus.

- Again, again, the stubborn glebe must feel
 The ponderous harrow and the ploughshare's steel;
 Round every branch the careful hand must run, 400
 And through the leaves admit the genial sun.
 Thus all our labours in a circle go,
 And the same tasks succeeding summers know.
- When the last vine has laid its leaves aside,
 The sere remainder of its summer pride, 405
 To future years the prudent peasants look,
 And prune the naked branch with Saturn's hook,
 Stems too luxuriant wantoning repress,
 And all the shoots in nicest order dress.
- First dig, first prune, first store the stakes away: 410
 These labours speed: the vintage hour delay. Promptness
at work.
- Twice prune the vines, twice cleanse from weeds the soil, 415
 Hard task in summer, hard the autumn toil. Patience at
vintage time.
Summer and
autumn.
Pruning and
weeding.
Size of the
vineyard.
- On the large vineyard feast thine eyes, but spare
 Thyself to tax with so severe a care.
- As the lithe broom and pliant willows bend
 Round every stem, the annual labours end.
 His hook aside the weary dresser flings,
 Approves his work, and down the alley sings;
 In prospect sees another vintage flow, 420
 And Jove propitious to his toil below. Tying in the
shoots the
last
operation.
- Content with what the loosened earth supplies,
 Of care regardless, olive groves arise, The olive.
 Deep fix their roots, and with a large increase
 Bear the rich berries and the branch of peace. 425
- Grafted all fruit-trees rear a vigorous head,
 And ask no succour as their branches spread. Fruit-trees.

Forests.

Nor less each wood its warbling tenants feeds,
 Where teeming Nature's wondrous birth proceeds.
 The forest yields pine-torches for the night, 430
 Feeds our home fires, and spreads a cheerful light;
 Shall man, then, fail to plant with careful hand,
 Or greater blessings from the earth demand?
 See humble broom and willow-trees afford
 Browse to the cattle, shelter to their lord, 435
 Rise as a fence around the standing corn,
 And feast the honey-bee at fragrant morn.
 Great is the charm to view with wondering eyes
 Dark woods of pine on Locrian Naryx rise;
 To watch how lavish earth her stores unlocks, 440
 And all Cytorus waves with groves of box:
 No harrow needs to wound her willing breast,
 But to her offspring freely gives her best.
 The woods of Caucasus, by tempests torn,
 Or navies build, or palaces adorn, 445
 Yield spokes revolving in the chariot wheels,
 Light spars for tilts, and crooked trunks for keels.
 The peasant's hand cheap willow baskets weaves,
 The elm gives browse with dried * or tender leaves,
 Bristles the cornel in the ranks of war, 450
 The bent yew strikes its victim from afar,
 To the smooth lime and box the turner's art
 Doth polish give, and useful form impart,
 The Po's broad stream floats down the alder wood,
 Launched as a pinnace on the brawling flood, 455

* For this we have the authority of our own countryman, Evelyn.

Whilst for the frugal bee and honey-comb
E'en in decay the ilex finds a home.

What gifts compared with these can Bacchus boast,
Who sees all sense in drunken revel lost,
And bade the Centaurs, mad with lust and wine, 460
In deadly struggle at the banquet join?

These more
useful than
the vine.

O happy ye, to whom the grateful plain
With lavish plenty gives the harvest grain!
Thrice happy ye, who in your homes rejoice,
And know the blessings of your peaceful choice! 465

Praise of a
country
life.*

What though no palace from resplendent doors
Obsequious crowds of morning clients pours;
Inlaid with art, and in unbroken line,
Gorgeous with brass, what though no columns shine;
What though no fleece attracts the gazer's eyes, 470
Or stiff with gold, or rich with Tyrian dyes?
Calm peace is yours; and yours the busy day,
Whose toil soft slumbers by the mere repay;
The dusky copse; the dewy breath of morn;
The low of cattle; and the upland lawn. 475

Patient of toil a frugal youth are here,
Their parents honour, and the gods revere;
When ancient faith corrupted earth forsook,
'Midst you she paused and cast a lingering look.

Me let the muse with varied knowledge crown, 480
I wear her fillets, and her worship own,
Warm in my heart I feel the passion glow,
Inspire each thought, though every artery flow;

* With this compare the conclusion of Gay's *Rural Sports*.
canto ii. v. 395.

Teach me the stars to know, the skies to read,
 Why fails the sun, and how the moons succeed, 485
 Whence quakes the earth, by what almighty force
 The forward tide resumes its ebbing course,
 Why winter suns to ocean swift descend,
 And summer days slow linger to an end.*
 If the chill blood which creeps around the heart 490
 In sluggish pulses fit an humbler part,
 Then let the fields and running streams delight
 My unambitious † verse, and charm my sight.
 Oh, for that hill or for those sacred plains
 Where Spartan virgins chant impassioned strains! 495
 Oh that my head in Tempe's vale were laid,
 Cooled by her breeze, and sheltered by her shade!
 Happy the man who knows the secret cause,
 How nature works, and reads creation's laws,
 Whose soul to fortune can superior rise, 500
 And death, dark minister of fate, despise.
 And happy he who wins with artless prayer
 Pan's, and Sylvanus', and the wood-nymphs' care.
 Nor tyrant's frown, nor monarch's radiant smile,
 Can daunt with terror, or with hope beguile. 505

* "O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
 The glorious Author of the Universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds."

Gay's *Rural Sports*, canto i. v. 115.

† "Inglorious." i.e. "not desirous of glory." So Milton,—
 "Wept that he had lived so long inglorious."

Paradise Regained, iii. 41.

The Dacian league conspired by Ister's wave,
 Who Rome will ruin, or who Rome can save,
 The wreck of kingdoms, and the shock of arms,
 His peace invades not, nor his soul alarms.
 A neighbour's wealth no envious wish inspires, 510
 His frugal meal no starving wretch desires ;
 His food the fruits which earth unbidden bears,
 He hears no forum, and no lictor fears.
 These dare the ocean, and invite the storm,
 This rage, and this the courtier's wiles deform ; 515
 All faith, all right the traitor's acts defy,
 From gems to drink, on Tyrian purple lie ;
 One broods in misery o'er his hoarded gold,
 And one in chains the people's plaudits hold,
 There stains of blood pollute a brother's hand, 520
 And he in terror flies his father's land.
 Not such his life who guides the crooked share,
 And on the glebe bestows his annual care,
 With sturdy steers breaks up the stubborn plain,
 And to his country gives the harvest grain. 525
 • The furrows now demand the early seed,
 Now pregnant cattle to his care succeed ;
 With change still varying, the prolific year
 Now teems with apples or the wheaten ear ;
 Each mellow fruit ripe autumn plenteous yields, 530
 And purple vintage clothes the sunny fields.
 Rough winter comes : then work the olive mill,
 And bristly swine with woodland berries fill.
 The lisping infant climbs upon his sire,
 While the chaste housewife trims the evening fire. 535

The milky heifers home at evening wend,
And wanton kids in harmless strife contend.
In happy ease, extended on the grass,
Each festive day the merry herdsmen pass,
Crown the full bowl with many a rustic joke, 540
And pouring wine the god of wine invoke,
Aim the swift arrow from the nervous string,
Or strip, and wrestle in the village ring.

Such life of old the ancient Sabines knew,
Such our first kings, thus bold Etruria grew, 545
Thus Rome, wall-girdled, glory of all lands,
Rose on seven hills, and without rival stands;
And here dread Jove enforced his iron reign,
Ere for the feast the fattest steer was slain,
Thus golden Saturn sways the peaceful plain; 550
No trumpet note the herdsman's rest alarms,
Nor rings the anvil with the clink of arms.

But night descends, we've run a lengthened course,
Unbind the yoke, and loose the smoking horse.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ANIMALS.

BOOK III

Hail, mighty Pales! hail, Amphrysian* god!	Invocation
Ye founts that bubble, and ye groves that nod	
On Lyce's steep, to you I turn, nor praise	
Oft sung our old traditionary lays.	
Busiris, Hylas, famed Latona's isle,	5
The Elian maid,† but claim a passing smile.	
Be mine the glory to ascend to fame	
By paths untrodden, and for Mantua claim	
The palm, as through Italian valleys sing	
The tuneful sisters from Aonia's spring.	10
Where the broad Mincius rolls along the plain	
His flood, and winds majestic to the main,	
A marble fane shall meet men's wond'ring eyes,	
And Cæsar's statue in the centre rise.	
In purple splendour chief I stand, and pour	15
One hundred chariots on the winding shore.	
The Grecian athlete for such crown disdains	
Nemæus' cæstus and Olympia's plains.	
With olive chaplet to the shrine I lead	
The long procession,‡ and the victims bleed.	20

Imagines
a temple
built and
games
instituted in
honour of
Cæsar, over
which Virgil
himself is to
preside.

* Apollo, when banished from heaven, kept the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly, on the banks of the Amphrysus.

† Hippodamia, or the horse-tamer, daughter of the King of Elis, for whose hand the suitors contended with her father in the chariot-race.

‡ The images of Victory, Neptune, Ceres, and other deities were carried in these "pompæ," or processions.

The
decorations

On yonder side, with purple hangings bright,
Inwoven Britons show barbaric might.
Here carved in ivory, and embossed in gold,
By Ganges' wave is Roman prowess told.
On Nile's broad stream her stately galleys ride, 25
Whose brazen prows* increase the Roman's pride.
Asia bows down, and flying Parthians pour
"Against the face sharp sleet of arrowy shower."
Two trophies, snatched by the same hand, are there,
Twice-conquered nations in his train appear.† 30
Instinct with life the Parian statues glow,
From Jove to Cæsar in unbroken row.

The Furies' lash let hateful Envy feel,
Eternal whirling on Ixion's wheel,
The dismal river dread, and hear his groan 35
Who pants exhausted as he heaves the stone.

To Mæcenas. Meantime the bard his tuneful way pursues,
And wakes the Dryads with his woodland muse.
Do thou, for thou canst best his song inspire,
Sage lore impart, and breathe poetic fire. 40
Soft-lowing kine, Bœotia's milky pride,
Call us, Mæcenas, from Cithæron's side;
From Epidaurus neighs the noble horse,
And paws impatient to commence his course;
While all the groves with one consent resound 45
To the deep baying of the Spartan hound.

Laudatory of
Cæsar

This done, the muse, inspired for nobler song
By Cæsar's deeds, shall Cæsar's fame prolong,

* Triumphal columns made from these were erected at Rome.

† The victories alluded to are uncertain.

Throughout all time its course undimmed to run,
With Jove coeval, as from Jove begun.

50

Wouldst thou the honours of Olympia gain,
Or break with lusty steers the stubborn plain,
The dam regard: that cow observant prize
Which shows in all her points an ample size.

Breeding.

Full from the chest a brawny neck extends,
The swelling dewlap to her knees descends,

55 Size.

Large is her head, nor will the breeder scorn
Large hoofs, large ears beneath a curling horn.

I would not blame, if all her points be right,

A heifer speckled with some spots of white,

60

Nor one that's somewhat stubborn in the yoke,

Fierce with her horn, and masculine in look,

With sweeping tail, erect and lofty head,

And something almost stately in her tread.

From four to ten, when nature seeks for rest

65 Age.

With powers worn out, a heifer breeds the best,

Whilst the full strength of vigorous youth remains,

And rich the life-blood courses through the veins.

Fast flies our prime: old age comes on apace:

The goal is death, and all too swift the race.

70

Each year the young with careful eye select,

Preserve the strong, the weakly stock reject.

With equal care regard when young the steed,

The horse.

The future parent of a generous breed.

E'en in the colt the eye observant sees

75

The limbs' proud movement and the graceful ease.

When his quick sense the gathering tumult hears,

No sudden start betrays ignoble fears,

The unknown bridge he tries with conscious pride,
 Or foremost plunges in the foaming tide. 80
 Broad back, short side, neat head, and lofty crest,
 Fire swells the muscles of his brawny chest.
 To the soft white prefer the dappled grey,
 The dun reject, but choose the shining bay.
 When swells the sound of battle from afar, 85
 With ears erect he snuffs the coming war,
 Rolls from wide nostrils streams of fire around,
 Snorts in his pride, and restless paws the ground,
 Devours the earth, and as he's headlong borne
 Sharp rings the champaign with his solid horn. 90
 Such Cyllarus, whom Leda's offspring rein,
 Such great Achilles whirled along the plain,
 Such Mars compels reluctant in his car,
 Untamed, and fearless 'mid the ranks of war.
 Transformed, thus Saturn shook his glossy mane; 95
 Loud neighings filled the mountain and the plain.
 When old But e'en such horse when age his power inpairs,
 Though eager still, the prudent master spares :
 Through driest stubble flames the swiftest fly,
 Blaze fiercely up, and ineffectual die. 100
 Stock, vigour, age observe with careful eyes,
 What pain defeat, what joy attests the prize.
 The chariot Swift from the barriers see the chariots bound—
 race. They've gained the course, the twisted thongs resound,
 Through clouds of dust the glowing axle flies, 105
 Now fears depress, now hopes exulting rise.
 High o'er his steeds the driver breathless stands,
 Shakes the loose rein, their utmost speed commands;

Now seem the smoking wheels, so swift they fly,
 Bounding from earth to whirl along the sky; 110
 Pressed by his rival pants the foremost steed,
 Feels the hot breath and doubles all his speed.
 So great the generous passion for renown,
 So toils the victor for the olive crown,
 Raised on the lofty wheels' revolving round 115
 Four harnessed steeds first Erichthonius bound; Invention of
 chariots, and
 of riding.
 First grasped the Lapithæ strong bits of steel,
 Leaped on his back, and taught the horse to wheel,
 Curvet obedient to the horseman's rein,
 Spring to the spur, or halt upon the plain. 120
 Alike these labours youthful vigour need,
 A docile temper, yet a mettled steed.
 Though firm thy charger in the battle stood, Caution
 again as to
 the old horse.
 Noble his sire, and pure his Grecian blood,
 Traced to the horse the gift of Neptune's care, 125
 Yet e'en of him in weak old age beware.
 Now when the time by nature marked draws nigh, Care of the
 sires.
 With generous food the sinewy sires supply,
 Lest the weak male thy future stock disgrace,
 And show his leanness in a puny race. 130
 Not so the dams: to these scant fodder bring, The dams:
 And drive them thirsty from the grateful spring;
 Some in the course their bodies labouring sweat,
 Fatigued and wasted with the fiery heat,
 When their hot task the weary threshers ply, 135
 And the light straws before warm zephyrs fly,
 Lest the rich soil, with over-fatness rife,
 Thy hopes deceive, and check the germ of life.

at foaling time.	Swift roll the months: and now with gentle care, Loosed from the yoke their failing efforts spare, 140 Restrain their gambols in the flowery mead, And near some stream in quiet pastures feed, Where sheltering caves resist the tempest's power, And cliffs project, and shade the noonday hour.
The gadfly.	Along the banks where Silarus rolls his waves, 145 Round old Alburnus, green with ilex leaves, A fly prevails, Asilus is its name, The Grecian Œstron is to Greeks the same. Soon as the beasts perceive the whirring sound, Whole herds affrighted through the thicket bound; • 150 Tanagrus hears the tumult as they fly, And bellowing shake the forest and the sky. In such dire plague of old to Iō sent Did Juno all her jealous fury vent.
Protect from this.	When insects wake, and revel in the heat 155 Of noonday suns, in some secure retreat The herds protect; but in the early light, Or when cool mists enshroud the dewy night, No insects buzz, no hum the cattle hear, Wander at will, and graze released from fear. 160
Young kine. Selection.	The calves now born, be all thy care transferred, With nice selection, to the future herd. The lot of each their brands distinctive show,
Those for breed or sacrifice;	Or for the herd, the altar, or the plough. In happy case the former pass their days, 165 And in green pastures unmolested graze.
or labour. Training.	But the strong bullock marked the yoke to take, E'en as a yearling to thy purpose break,

And teach, while yet obedient to command,
 The docile beast to own the master's hand. 170
 Round their young necks slight willow-branches bend,
 Shaped like a yoke, and twisted at the end ;
 Then teach a pair together joined to stand,
 The pole between them, and to pace the sand
 With even step before unladen wheels, 175
 Where the light waggon scarce a track reveals,
 Till creaking onward with a heavier load
 The beechen axle groans upon the road.
 Long as their youth more ample food demands, Food.
 Not, browse alone bestow with niggard hands ; 180
 The careful swain fresh blades of corn supplies,
 To swell their muscles, and increase their size.
 Home to their dames of old our fathers bore
 Foaming in snow-white pails the milky store :
 Let thou thy kine with unpressed udders go, 185
 And on the calves the nourishment bestow.
 But dost thou sigh for glory's high renown
 'Midst serried squadrons, or the victor's crown
 By Pisa's stream, or where the olive grove
 Rises in honour of Olympian Jove, 190
 Teach the young courser unalarmed to hear
 The brazen trumpets and the din of war,
 To bear the rattling harness, and the wheels
 With noisy speed revolving at his heels.
 With gentle bits should colts submissive play, 195
 While conscious weakness prompts them to obey.
 Trained by his voice the steed his master knows,
 And feels the pleasure which applause bestows,

The charget
or charlot
horse ;

his training.

	The signal of his rider's will expects, To halt, to turn, as hand or heel directs;	200
	The mobile ear his conscious pride displays, The patted neck acknowledges the praise. With measured steps his limbs the circle tread, Insensibly to swifter labour led :	
his speed	On, on he flies, as if without a rein	205
	He bids the winds defiance on the plain, So lightly skimming, eye may scarcely tell Where on the sands his flying footsteps fell.	
like the wind.	So the north wind from Scythia's frozen waste O'er the dark waters sweeps in furious haste,	210
	On the wide plain the trembling harvest heaves, Drives the light clouds, and riots in the leaves, Pursues the waves, and scours alike amain The watery ocean and the firm champaign.	
	Trained to confront the bristling ranks of war	215
	Such steed to battle whirls the Belgic car ; Or bounds, unlash'd, o'er Elis' crowded plain, Tosses the foam, and struggles with the rein.	
Feed well after he is broken in.	When once subdued with patience to submit, To feel the thong, to bear the sharper bit,	220
	Increasing strength the generous grain supplies, His form expands, his swelling muscles rise.	
The bull.	Alike the bull, alike the horse restrain From loosely wandering o'er the open plain.	
	The bulls should feed where mountains intervene,	225
	In fields apart, where rivers run between ; Or else pent up at home in stalls remain, With luscious forage and abundant grain.	

If but some heifer in the distance lows,
 They hear the echo, and forget to browse. 230
 Fired by her charms, and maddened at the sight,
 Each seeks his rival, and provokes the fight.*
 Whilst she secure in some wide upland feeds, The fight.
 The dreadful champion to the battle speeds:
 Loud rings the bellowing from the mountain-side: 235
 Fast from wide gashes wells the purple tide,
 Till faint and weak the vanquished lover yields,
 And quits with sullen look his native fields;
 His wounds in some sequestered forest heals,
 Laments his fortune, and his shame conceals. 240
 Fed on coarse browse beneath the dews of night
 He seeks fresh vigour to renew the fight,
 Hardens his frame, proves 'gainst some trunk his horns,
 Enacts the combat, and the furrow spurns.
 His strength recruited, with collected force 245
 And stern resolve he takes his onward course,
 And ere the rude attack the victor fears,
 On, on, in headlong charge the vanquished bears.
 So crowned with foam, yet distant from the land,
 Huge billows tower, then thunder to the strand; 250
 Old ocean's depths with mighty tumult roar,
 And heave whole mountains on the trembling shore.

"The dew-lapped bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in every vein;
 His well-armed front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims."

Gay's *Rural Sports*, canto i. v. 77.

The force of
love.

Thus all alike the slaves of love remain,
That haunt the woodland, or that graze the plain.
To carnage prone the lioness forsakes 255
Her whelps; the shapeless bear dire havoc makes
Through all the woods; more fell the tiger stands,
Ill fares the wanderer on the Libyan sands.
See how the courser snuffs the gale, and shows
In every nerve how deep the passion glows, 260
Bursts from the stall, and in his headlong course
Bounds over rocks, and mocks the torrent's force.*
The savage boar for bloody deeds prepares,
Whets his curved tusk, and in his fury tears
The solid earth, then rubs his bristly back, " 265
And waits with tougher hide the fierce attack.
What does the youth? Though tempest howl and roar,
And bursts the midnight thunder on the shore,
One voice he hears, in vain his parents chide,
One form he sees, and breasts the foaming tide; 270
The love-sick maid, consumed with equal fire,
Falls, at his side contented to expire.
The lynx, the wolf, the dog, disturb the night;
The timid deer provoke th' unwonted fight.

* "Neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in the horse:
He breaks the cord that held him to the rack,
And, conscious of an unencumbered back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose flows his forelock and his ample mane,
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops, till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze."

Cowper's *Charity*.

But chief the mares, since when with furious hate 275
 The Potnian team avenged its virgin state.*
 The rocks of Gargarus and the raging flood
 Nor check their course, nor cool their throbbing blood.
 In the warm spring, when western breezes rise,
 Through every nerve the soft infection flies; 280
 To some high cliff the conscious herd repair,
 Turn to the west, and snuff the subtle air,
 Till some—'tis hard the legend to believe—
 From the warm breath of Zephyrus conceive.
 Far from the east, far from the frozen north, 285
 Far from the tempests of a southern birth,
 O'er hills, rocks, vales, with speed untiring fly
 The mares enamoured of the western sky.
 Hence from their loins distils a slimy juice,
 Hippomanes the name, for mystic use 290
 Prepared with muttered spell by hands obscene,
 And mixed with herbs that midnight witches glean.
 But lo! while we of love seductive sing,
 Time onward flies, nor stays his restless wing.
 * Of herds enough: arranged on either hand, 295
 Here fleecy sheep, there goats our care demand,
 With bleating cry invoke the hardy swain,
 His toil require, but recompense his pain.
 What though not slight the labour to rehearse To Lates
 Such humble subjects in harmonious verse? 300
 O'er trackless heights the Muse delighted strays
 And seeks Castalia by untrodden ways.

* The four chariot mares of Glaucus, who, instigated by Venus, tore their master to pieces.

Pales, adored by peaceful shepherds, bring
 Thy aid: thy glory peaceful shepherds sing.
 Sheep. Your flocks at home in sheltered cots restrain 305
 Till spring returns, nor trust the wintry plain;
 'Gainst the keen blast the northern entrance close,
 Spread the light litter, and invite repose.
 Goats. Nor less the goats, though hardy, shield in turn
 From cold Aquarius and his watery urn; 310
 Fresh arbuté leaves, a grateful browse, supply
 Through the long nights, nor healthful draughts deny.
 What though the fleecé, when tinged with Tyrian dye,
 With costlier splendour meets the curious eye?
 In young more fruitful, goats unfailing pour 315
 Their milky wealth, and swell the household store.
 On chin, throat, back, large weight of shaggy hair
 Ciniphyian* goats for rougher fabrics bear;
 Folded in these the sailor sleeps content,
 Secure the soldier watches in his tent. 320
 Nibbling each shrub that crowns the shaggy steep,
 From cliff to cliff they bound with fearless leap;
 Bring home their young, and at the evening hour
 Scarce drag their bursting udders to the door.
 These gifts, when winter comes, with browse repay, 325
 Nor grudge with niggard hand thy stores of hay;
 Projecting sides and slanting roofs extend,
 From snows protect them, and from storms defend.
 Summer
 pasture;
 morn. The winter ended, seek the upland lawn
 With the first opening of the cheery dawn; 330

* The same with the region now called Tripoli: the goats of which are celebrated at this day for the length and quality of their hair.

But when the copse; which late in silence lay,
 With insect life beneath advancing day As day
advances.
 Resounds, thy flocks' impatient fever slake
 Where flows through open troughs the living lake.
 High noon is now, and fiercer beats the heat, 335 Noon.
 To some dark vale's obscurer depths retreat,
 Where the old oaks, with widely branching head,
 A leafy screen for weary shepherds spread,
 Or the dark ilex of eternal Jove
 Lets fall the shadows of its sacred grove. 340
 Then, ere again the shades of evening close, Evening.
 Lead them to where the streamlet sparkling flows,
 When dewy mists descend from night's fair queen,
 And clothe the pastures with a deeper green,
 When all the shores with halcyon notes resound, 345
 And chirps the goldfinch as he flits around.
 Why Libya's shepherds, why her flocks explain, Africa.
 Her scattered dwellings and her boundless plain?
 No fold, no fence the flock unfettered knows,
 Wanders at will, and pastures as it goes. 350
 House, gods, and arms, where'er he moves are found,
 His Cretan quiver, and his Spartan hound.
 So full equipped the Roman legions go,
 Halt unexpected, and confront the foe.
 Not so her waves where lake Mæotis pours, 355 Scythia.
 And northern tempests howl on Scythia's shores,
 Where turbid Ister's muddy waters roll,
 And Rhodope returning* meets the pole.

* The line of this mountain, after running east till it joins Mount Hæmus, then turns to the north.

The cattle there confined within the fold
 Seek food at once and shelter from the cold. 360
 No blade of grass the glistening surface shows,
 No fodder there the leafless branch bestows,
 The very earth benumbed and lifeless lies,
 And mounds of snow to seven full ells arise.
 Cold nipping winds the stunted trees deform, 365
 Eternal winter, and eternal storm.
 Through murky mists the golden coursers rise
 With panting nostrils, and ascend the skies;
 Through murky mists descend in headlong flight,
 Crimson the ocean, and are veiled in night. 370
 The running stream, the deeper wave congeals,
 Once ploughed by ships, now bruised by iron wheels:
 Men's garments stiffen, flakes conceal the sky,
 Brass vessels burst, dead frozen cattle lie.
 Whole lakes grow solid; wines no longer flow, 375
 The purple mass resists the frequent blow.
 Beards hang with icicles; and stiffness locks
 The unwieldy carcase of the patient ox.
 Benumbed the deer crowd huddled in a row,
 And scarce their branching heads o'ertop the snow; 380
 No baying hounds need urge the timid spoil,
 No purple leathers scare them to the toil.
 While they loud bellowing, with the drift oppressed,
 Thrust 'gainst the mound of snow their baffled breast,
 The well-known sound the wakeful hunters hear, 385
 And in the quarry plunge the ruthless spear.
 Where piles of wood in deep-dug caverns glow,
 Feast the wild natives 'mid their walls of snow

Through the long night, and, imitating wine,
 Fermented barley with the service join; 390
 Clad in rough skins the freezing blast defy,
 And dwell contented 'neath their northern sky.

Is wool thy wealth? remove with careful hand Wool.
 All prickly shrubs, if such infest thy land;
 Too rich a soil with prudent thought reject; 39
 And a white ram with softest fleece select;
 E'en a black tongue some dusky spots may bring,
 And wool is coarse where pastures richest spring.

Thus with soft fleece, if you with faith explore
 The mystic page of legendary lore, 400
 Fair queen of night, Pan lured thee to the grove,
 Coyly consenting to his woodland love.

The legend
of Pan and
Luna.

Is milk thy care? with juicy plants prolong MILK.
 The grateful feast, and spread salt herbs along.
 Provoked to thirst deep draughts the cattle take, 405
 Deep draughts in turn distended udders make.
 Thus a salt relish on the taste will dwell,
 So slight you scarce its origin can tell.

One round the young, now grown to larger size,
 A leathern muzzle spiked with iron ties; 410
 Soon as they suck, the dam resents the pain,
 Starts at the wound, and moves along the plain.

Weaning of
the kids or
lambs.

What morning yields, and what the noon-tide hours,
 At night they press; but what the evening pours, 415
 Or as salt curd the winter's store repairs,
 Or to the town the early shepherd bears.*

Uses of the
milk.

* As he may be now seen in almost any Italian town, especially in Rome, offering for sale slices of slightly salted curd.

- Dogs. To these the dogs, a needful race, succeed ;
 Epirus' mastiff, Sparta's swifter breed,
 The felon wolf, and, lurking in the dark,
 The swarth Iberian dreads their wakeful bark : 420
 The wild ass, startled at the hunter's cry,
 Shuns the encounter, and prepares to fly :
 Outstripped in speed the leveret yields the race,
 The timid hind just hears, and flies the chase :
 The wild boars wallowing by the marshy lake 425
 Crash through the trees, and plunge into the brake :
 Trusting his speed the stag in terror flies,
 The net arrests him, and the quarry dies. "
- Snakes. And now the cotes with snakes infested claim
 The pungent gum's and cedar's odorous flame. 430
 Where the foul crib has stood unmoved through years,
 Lurks the dark viper that the daylight fears,
 Or swiftly glides the poisonous snake away—
 Quick, shepherd, quick, attack the speckled prey
 With stone, with stick : quick, strike the reptile's head,
 Foe to thy flock : quick : shepherd, he has fled : 436
 Coil after coil their tortuous length prolong ;
 And now his tail's last folds are dragged along.
 More deadly still, its back with scales o'erspread,
 Calabria's serpent lifts its threatening head ; 440
 Marked with large spots along the belly's edge
 It lurks in pools, or winds among the sedge
 Through watery mouths ; there strikes with rapid jaw
 The passing fish, or fills its greedy maw
 With frogs loquacious : when a fiercer beam 445
 Scorches the marshes, and exhausts the stream,

Goaded by thirst, and maddened by the pain
 Of inward fires, it glares upon the plain.
 Then let me not beneath a summer sky
 Stretched on the turf in listless leisure lie 450
 'Neath shades soft whispering, when in speckled pride
 It shines, its dingy mantle cast aside,
 Impelled by rage deserts its slimy young,
 Rears a bright crest, and brandishes its tongue.
 Wise precepts next the healing Muse prepares, 455 *Disease;*
 Tends the sick fold, and lightens all thy cares
 If long the flock in driving storms has stood, *cause of*
 Or winter's cold congeals the sluggish blood,
 If sweat uncleansed hangs round the newly shorn,
 Or branches wound, the filthy scab will burn 460
 Their ulcered frames: oh, let the cooling wave *Cleansed by*
 Each bleating sufferer from his anguish save! *washing.*
 Plunge the strong ram still struggling to the shore—
 Swift-running streams the hidden grief explore.
 With litharge, sulphur, pitch from Ida's shore, 465 *Ointment.*
 Bitumen, pounded squills, and hellebore
 Anoint the sore: or, with experienced hand, *Lay open*
 Deep probe the ulcer, and success command. *with the*
 In vain the shepherd lifts his prayer for aid— *knife.*
 Wide spreads the poison while the knife's delayed. 470
 But when, consuming every vital part, *Bled in the*
 The inmost marrow feels the burning smart, *foot.*
 Between the hoof at once divide the vein,
 Cool the hot fever, and assuage the pain.
 E'en as the Scythian hordes, a wandering race, 475
 Or the wild tribes that climb the hills of Thrace,

Open a vein to quench their thirst, and pour
 Warm streams of milk to curdle in the gore.
 Symptoms of If from the flock apart one sheep has strayed,
 disease. Scarce crops the grass, or lingers in the shade, 480
 Hangs its dull head, and on the plain lies down,
 Or homeward late at night returns alone,
 Stop the Armed with a knife at once uplift thy hand,
 contagion at Lest dire contagion fly through all the band ;
 once. For not more swift descends the winter rain, 485
 Than spreads the pestilence which sweeps the plain,
 And all regardless of the shepherd's cares,
 Destroys whole flocks, nor age nor number spares.

The great Once white with flocks men saw the Alpine steep,
 pestilence. Past the sleek herds they saw Timavus sweep : 490
 Flocks, herds, are gone : o'er yon deserted plains,
 On those lone steeps wide desolation reigns.
 The tainted air a dire disorder bred,
 Which raged, and with the heat of autumn spread.
 Wild beasts and cattle met an equal death 495
 Each pool, each pasture, felt the poisonous breath.
 No common death was theirs, through every vein
 Flow streams of fire, and rack the limbs with pain :
 A leathsome humour spreads the swift decay,
 Till bone on bone corrupted rots away. 500
 E'en while the brow the snowy bands conceal,
 Oft would the victim at the altar reel ;
 Aghast the priests in sacred horror stand,
 Death comes, and waits not the uplifted hand.
 If stabbed, so wasted is the stream of life, 505
 The blood scarce dyes the sacrificial knife ;

Thin and corrupted drips the tainted gore,
 And hardly trickles to the temple floor.
 No more the entrails on the altar burn,
 And startled augurs no response return. 510
 Calves, frisking once, in greenest pastures pine,
 At the full manger sink the haggard kine.
 Madness distorts the watch-dog's gentle eye;
 Wheezes the hog half strangled in the sty.
 The noble horse, exhausted in his toil, 515 *The horse*
 Loathes the sweet grass, and frequent paws the soil;
 Harsh feels the skin, fixed hang the drooping ears,
 A clammy sweat death's sure approach declares.
 Such are the milder tokens of disease;
 Oft fiercer symptoms on the victims seize. 520
 The eyes grow red, the respiration drawn
 Deep from the chest comes laden with a groan,
 The flank with long and frequent sobbing heaves,
 Parched is the tongue, and to the palate cleaves,
 Gore dark and thick or from the nostril flows, 525
 Or gouts congealed obstruct the clotted jaws.
 A generous drench at first would leeches give,
 In hopes the horse might stimulated live;
 But after, this would sure destruction bring,
 And direr fury from the medicine spring; 530
 Till mad with pain (may heaven such passion send
 On impious men, and righteous souls defend!)
 With their own teeth their quivering flesh they tear,
 More furious raging as their death draws near.
 Watch the strong bulls that in the tackle smoke; 535 *Cattle.*
 One stops, and reels, and hangs upon the yoke,

Vomits dark gore, then falls and faintly moans,
 Rolls in the furrow, and expiring groans.
 E'en the dull beast his mate's misfortune feels,
 E'en the rough ploughman scarce a tear conceals, 540
 Then homeward turns, his breast oppressed with care,
 And in the furrow leaves the useless share.
 Green meads the ox delight not, to his ear
 Whisper deep groves in vain, "Cool shades are near;"
 Vain music all the amber streamlet's sound. 545
 His neck unwieldy droops upon the ground.
 What value now does all his service bear,
 And earth made fertile by the crooked share!
 His blood's pure course no Massic juice impaired,
 He in no banquet that enervates shared; 550
 His food the simple herbs that nature gave,
 His cup clear fountains and the crystal wave
 That flows refreshing; and no care his breast
 Racked with vain tortures, or disturbed his rest.
 The untrained urus drags the car where late 555
 The fatted oxen paced in sacred state.
 Men with their nails for harrows scrape the soil,
 And up steep hills in creaking waggons toil.
 Gaunt from disease the famished wolves were tame;
 'Midst powerless dogs the reeling quarry came. 560
 Like shipwrecked hosts dead fish in numbers lie;
 Unwonted sea-calves to the river fly;
 The water-snake no longer strikes its prey,
 The shrivelled viper slowly crawls away;
 Birds headlong fall and in the furrow die, 565
 Or swifter fate arrests them in the sky.

Conse-
quences:
in religious
rites,

in
agriculture,

to beasts of
prey, and
the chase,

to fish,

sea-calves,

reptiles,

and birds.

To change the pasture no relief conferred,
 All medicine only sooner killed the herd;
 Sage Chiron's skill no respite could impart,
 Nor great Melampus, through divine in art. 570
 Hell's dreaded fury leaves the shores of night,
 And with dire plagues invades the realms of light;
 Higher each day uprears her greedy head,
 And wide through mortal hearts pale fear is spread.
 The rivers hear the cattle's plaintive cry, 575
 The withered banks and blasted hills reply,
 And now by heaps she deals dire slaughter round;
 Dead in their stalls the stricken herds are found;
 Aghast men earth on putrid bodies spread,
 And pile in pits the dead upon the dead. 580
 Vain purest waves, and vain the fiercest flame,
 So foul an odour from the entrails came:
 The hides were useless: none could dare receive,
 Or in the loom the poisonous fleeces weave;
 For raging heat, that reigns the web within, 585
 With burning ulcers covers all the skin;
 A clammy dew, each limb that trickles o'er,
 Taints the pure air, and sweats from every pore;
 Swift creep through all the frame consuming fires,
 Till scorched and shrunk the tortured wretch expires. 590

Remedies
vain.

Conclusion.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

BEES.

BOOK IV.

Aerial* honey hence my verse pursues, Proem.
 Do thou, Mæccnas, aid the daring muse,
 Whose voice great deeds of tiny nations sings,
 Chiefs, people, battles, commonwealths, and kings.
 Where heaven consents, and tuneful Phœbus joins, 5
 Harmonious cadences exalt the lines.
 In sites secure from every ruffling wind The proper
site for an
apiary
 A home should insects honey-laden find,
 Drive far the sheep; chase gamesome kids away;
 They break the flower-stems in their wanton play. 10
 Let no fair heifer o'er the herbage pass,
 She taints the dew, and wounds the feathery grass,
 Nor painted lizard with its shining side
 Near your rich hives its scaly brightness hide.
 Forbid the bee-eater, scarce off the brood 15
 Of birds voracious that on insects feed,
 With Procne,† on whose feathers still remain
 The purple traces of a guilty stain.
 With cruel rapine through the liquid air
 Homeward their prey the feathered plunderers bear. 20

* Virgil calls honey aerial or celestial, because it was supposed to be drawn from the dew of heaven.

† Changed into a swallow, according to the fable.

Clear welling fountains much they love to see,
 And mossy margins charm the honey-bee,
 Where streams pellucid o'er bright pebbles bound,
 Like silver fillet, through the smiling ground.
 Unchecked by us wild olives rear their head, 25
 And palms ambitious graceful tresses spread
 Our hives above: so when, in balmy spring,
 File after file, young swarms attend their king,
 And gallant youth come sporting in the rays
 Of golden light, green branches shade the blaze. 30
 Where gentle murmurs of the stream invite,
 Or crystal pools attract the wanderer's flight,
 Bridge o'er the rivulet with slender wand,
 Or place broad stones: on these the insects stand,
 And to warm suns their storm-drenched wings expand. 35
 Round let green cacias flourish in a row,
 Strong-scented savory and the wild thyme grow,
 And purple violets their odours bring,
 Which gain fresh sweetness from the bubbling spring.
 The hives. Hives form from cork, or pliant osiers weave; 40
 Whiche'er it be, a narrow entrance leave:
 Cold blasts that penetrate their sweets congeal:
 Hot winds which melt alike the insects feel.
 For this the bees, impressed with prescient care,
 Sucked from the flowers adhesive glue prepare 45
 As pitch tenacious, and exclude the air.
 Nay, oft will swarms concealed, so legends tell,
 In trees and caverns subterranean dwell.
 Then aid the bee, all chinks external stop,
 And spread some leafy branches on the top. 50

No poisonous yew-tree near the hive should grow,
 Nor crab shells burnt* unwholesome vapours throw.
 Where in broad fens no resting-place receives
 The bee, or mud a foetid odour leaves,
 Trust not your hives; or where men's shouts rebound, 55
 And echo speaks, and multiplies the sound.

Soon as the golden sun hath chased away
 Cold winter, and restored the summer day, The summer
labours of
the bee.
 On gladsome wings the busy insects rove,
 Skim the clear lake, or linger in the grove, 60
 From purple flowers their dewy sweetness glean,
 And with light hum whirr† through the leafy screen,
 With fond delight now watch their young, and build
 The waxen cells with sweets pellucid filled.

But when the swarm disporting leaves the hive 65 The swarm.
 In spring, and all the summer air's alive,
 Observe their movements; straight their way they wing
 To where leaves wave, and bubbling waters spring.
 Here sprinkle odours which the troop may charm;
 Bruised baum and honeywort allure the swarm. 70
 With bells pursuing wake a tinkling sound,
 And beat the drums of Cybele around.‡

* Dr. Martin tells us that the Roman housewives used to burn the crab-shells to powder as a remedy for burns and scalds. Virgil deprecates the doing this near the hives, as the vapour is offensive to bees.

† "Whirring," adjective: a word formed in imitation of the sound expressed by it.—JOHNSON. I can offer no other excuse for forming the adjective into the verb "whirr."

‡ "So swarming bees, that on a summer day
 In airy rings and wild meanders play,

The bees will seize the medicated seat,
 And to their home in lengthened files retreat.

The rival chiefs. If mighty discord 'twixt two rivals grow, 75
 And adverse factions to the battle go,

Signs within the hive. Tumultuous crowds the coming storm foretell,
 And tiny hearts with martial ardour swell;
 Sharp sounds of brass ring forth, and laggards chide;
 And mimic trumpets wake a warlike pride. 80
 With eager hearts they wait the fight to share,
 Brandish their pinions, and their stings prepare,
 Their claws examine, and in crowds await
 Their kingly leaders round the royal gate; •
 Shouts of defiance now ascend the skies, 85
 And cheers in triumph from the lines arise.

They go forth to the battle. *Then, when the plains of heaven above are clear,
 And lulled in stillness floats the liquid air,
 Forth from the gates they rush, they meet, they ply
 Their stings, till heaps of wounded insects lie 90
 Rolled on the earth; not thicker falls the rain,
 Nor shower of acorns on the woodland plain.
 The kings all glorious, and with stately tread,
 March down the ranks, their glittering pinions spread;*

Charmed with the brazen sound their wanderings end,
 And gently circling on a bough descend."

Young's *Last Day*, book ii.

* "Things, as well as sentiments, may be made sublime by some artifice," i.e. an apt comparison with loftier objects. "Bees are animals of wonderful sagacity, but of too diminutive a form to captivate our imagination. But Virgil describes their economy with so many fine allusions to the more elevated parts of nature

Though small their forms, their breasts undaunted bear	
A mighty soul, and high achievements dare,	96
Firmly resolved and ignorant to yield	
Till fate declares the victor of the field.	
But throw some dust, and all this fierce array	
Hushed into stillness vanishes away.	100
When thus the rival chieftains you recall,	Leave only one king.
Let one alone enjoy the royal hall;	
To instant death the vanquished warrior doom,	
Left only stores of honey to consume.	
Comely in shape, and bright with spots of gold,	105
His scales all glittering, and his carriage bold,	Distinctive marks of the chieftains,
One treads a king: dingy and dull his breast,	
The other shapeless crawls with drooping crest.	
So, like their kings, two forms the people wear:	and of the people.
Sordid and rough the baser crowds appear,	110
As when some traveller, choked with dust and heat,	
Along the road laborious drags his feet;	
Bright equal lines adorn the other's breast,	
In blazing gold and gorgeous spangles drest.	
True honey-bees, in time will these produce	115
A full supply of Hybla's fragrant juice,	
Pellucid, rich, whose softer virtues join	
In fragrant nectar, blent with potent wine.	
But when the swarms the waxen cells disdain,	Treatment of the swarm.

as raise our astonishment, both at the skill of the poet and the genius of his favourite insect, whose little size becomes matter of admiration, when we consider those noble instincts wherewith the Creator has endowed it."—Bentley, *On the Sublime*.

Quit the full hive, and sport upon the plain, 120
 From idle play their wandering minds restrain.
 'Tis quickly done, if simply from the kings
 A ready finger separates the wings.
 The chief at home, no subject dares to sound
 To arms, or lifts the standard from the ground. 125
 Let perfumed flowers, with shining petals bright,
 Attract their senses and arrest their flight,
 In gardens, where, assisting human cares,
 The birds with wooden sword Priapus scares.
 Plant beds of thyme, and mountain pines around, 130
 And with fresh streamlets irrigate the ground.
 But that the muse, her labours well-nigh o'er,
 Now strikes her sail and turns her prow to shore,
 Fain would I all the wealth of gardens sing,
 And autumn gladdened by the rose of spring;* 135
 Tell how the endive and the smallage drink
 The running streamlet, and refresh the brink
 With greenest verdure; how full-swelling grows
 The cucumber; how daffodils the close
 Of summer brighten; † how the acanthus twines 140
 Its stems, suggestive of Corinthian lines; ‡

The episode
 of the old
 Corycian,
 marvellous
 in simplicity
 and beauty.

* "Biferique rosaria Pæsti." Pæstum was a town of Calabria, where the roses bloomed twice in the year, in spring and autumn.

† The same plant that with us flowers in the spring.

‡ I have been thus diffuse in rendering the words of Virgil, "flexi vimen acanthi," "the stalk of the bending acanthus," in order to convey to the reader the probable meaning, as given by Dr. Martyn in his admirable notes, on the authority of a passage in Vitruvius, who states that the famous architect Callimachus took

How climbs the ivy; how each sunny shore
Exhales sweet perfume from the myrtle flower.

Well I remember, 'neath Œbalia's towers,
Where his dark tide the dull Galæsus pours, 145
An old Corycian peasant once I knew,
His soil was barren, and his acres few;
No mellow clusters there the vine displayed,
Crops failed in growth, and sheep refused the blade.
Yet here and there, in every vacant space, 150
Between each bush would thrifty labour place
Or dainty pot-herb, or some modest flower,
Nor envy all the pageantry of power.
The lily there her virgin petals spread,
The vervain thrived, the poppy reared its head. 155
When evening called him, in a home well-stored
With unbought fruits he heaped the bounteous board.
Spring's earliest rose for him its petals spread,
And autumn's apple first was tinged with red.
Nay, when the very rocks would split with cold, 160
And icy fetters streams reluctant hold,
Acanthus leaves he'd cull with happy pride,
And the slow step of loitering zephyrs chide.
Prolific swarms his care would earliest bless,
He first rich honey from the comb express, 165
Where pines were frequent; and each bud of spring
Would golden offerings to Pomona bring.

his idea for surmounting the capitals of pillars of the Corinthian order from seeing some stems and leaves of this species of the acanthus, or brank-ursine, spreading themselves accidentally round a basket.

Tall elms, the plum to fruitful stature grown,
 Long-grafted pears his skill transplanting own;
 Broad planes where other swains carousal made, 170
 To him transfer their hospitable shade.

But space forbids the too seductive theme,
 And bees again the tuneful numbers claim.

Preservation
 of the infant
 Jupiter by
 bees,

As round the cave where new-born Ammon lies
 The Corybantes drown his infant cries 175

With tinkling cymbals, bees mysterious pour
 Through every chink, and with their luscious store

repaid by the
 gift of
 superior
 instinct.

The god supply: upon each tiny breast
 The grateful god a wondrous lore impressed.
 One hope, one interest, one united town, 180

One commonwealth the bees consentient own;
 Unchanging still to home and country hold,
 And grow beneath established customs old.

Prescient of winter all industrious strive
 With summer sweets to store the foodful hive. 185

Each has his task: these seek the fragrant spoil,
 These close within the waxen chambers toil:
 The floweret's cup, the tree's green bark supplies
 Tenacious glue: secure the galleries rise.

Some to the young impart long-treasured lore, 190
 Some into cells pellucid honey pour.

These take the post assigned them at the gate,
 And for the laden troop expectant wait;
 Now watch where clouds, dark stormy heralds, float,
 And all the signs of coming tempests note; 195

Now form a line, and from the busy hive
 The drones, a sluggish race, indignant drive.

Through glowing ranks the frequent workmen pass,
Where fragrant thyme perfumes the luscious mass.*

<p>As when the Cyclops in the womb of earth Forge the red lightning for its fiery birth, Some blasts of wind from dingy prisons pour, Some wield the metal, and some melt the ore, And blow on blow with tuneful force descends, While groans the mountain ere the labour ends; So bees, if bees with giants may compare, Their tasks apportion, and their labours share. Age with nice skill the waxen wall restores, Youth seeks for wealth, and rifles all the flowers. The crocus glittering through the early dew, Cacia, and hyacinth of purple hue, Willow, and lime, and arbutus supply Food to the busy insects as they fly From lawn to thicket, till, oppressed with sweets, The thrifty pilferer to his home retreats.</p>	<p>200 Comparison with the Cyclops.</p> <p>205</p> <p>210</p> <p>215</p>
<p>All wake to labour, and prevent the dawn; All watch the shadows, and ere night return, A buzzing noise the coming troop proclaims,</p>	<p>The domestic economy of the hive.</p>

* The whole of this passage is thus imitated by Gay:

“The careful insect midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew,
With golden treasure lade his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey though the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in his toil his destined office bears,
And in his little bulk a mighty soul appears.”

Rural Sports, i. 80.

- They seek the hive, and rest their weary frames ;
 Sweet sleep o'er all the mastery obtains, 220
 Hushed is the camp, and one wide stillness reigns.
- Sagacity of
the bees.** When the east winds a gathering storm foreshow,
 Not far from home the prudent insects go,
 Just seek the water of the nearest spring,
 Observant where dark clouds a tempest bring, 225
 Round their own walls a short excursion try,
 Balanced with tiny pebbles as they fly ;
 E'en as some pinnace, tossed upon the waves,
 Its hull from wreck with even balance saves :
 Steadied by this it sails securely on,— 230
 Remove the ballast, and the vessel's gone.
- The birth of
the bee.** Now mark how Nature's wondrous power supplies
 A future race, and youthful nations rise.
 The bee no passion that enervates knows,
 Nor ever shudders with maternal throes ; 235
 Deep in some floweret's cup their young they find,
 Fed by the dew, and fondled by the wind,
 Thus without pain are kings and commons reared ;
 And waxen halls and palaces repaired.
- Their
perseverance.** Oft, as they skim along the rocks, and bring 240
 Their burden home, the wanderers bruise their wing ;
 True to their charge their lives the wounded yield,
 And die contented on some fragrant field ;
 Such is the charm by dewy flowers possess'd,
 Such love of honey rules the little breast. 245
- Their loyalty** Though short the term of life each insect knows,
 Through seven brief summers hastening to a close,

With the dried petals of the garden rose.
 Boil down new wine, and spice the luscious juice,
 Dried Psythian raisins from your stores produce, 310
 Round the weak hives the thyme Cecropian * spread,
 And let strong centaury its odours shed.

A flower there is, in all our meadows found,
 Known as Amellus by the peasants round, The Amellus,
or Aster
atticus.
 And soon discovered, for its flower-stems shoot 315
 In numerous clusters from a fibrous root;
 Bright is the eye, and golden is its hue,
 By leaves surrounded of a purple blue,
 Dark like the violet; from whence the swain
 May festive garlands for his gods obtain; 320
 Rough to the taste; by wandering shepherds seen
 In vales where Mella winds through margins green:
 In fragrant wine the bitter fibres steep,
 And near the hives in wicker-baskets keep.

Should all thy swarms at once infected die, 325 The legend
of Aristæus
 And no succeeding stocks their place supply,
 Let Aristæus from Arcadia tell
 How bees sprang up where slaughtered bullocks fell.
 Strange is the legend, and may well deserve
 The muse its earliest record should preserve. 330

Where by Canopus' mouth a happy race
 Their homes high-raised on Nile's rich island place, Where
practical.

* Dr. Martyn observes that the thyme which rendered the honey of Attica so famous was not the common thyme, but the *Thymus capitatus*, which grew in great plenty about Athens and on Mount Hymettus. Cecrops was the first king of Athens.

Securely gliding with their painted prows
 On the dull water that enriching flows;
 Where the full river that derives its course 335
 From swarthy India holds a northward course,
 Till the seven channels of the stream divide,
 With quivered Persia* on their eastern side,
 And over Egypt's wide and sunny shore
 The slimy waters fertilising pour, 340
 Known in this art: the experienced peasants choose,
 And with high walls some narrow space enclose;
 Four windows pierce, a roof compacted rear;
 Then bring a bullock of the second year,
 And, while he struggles 'gainst the early death, 345
 Close up each channel of the labouring breath;
 Assailed with blows the victims bruised expire,
 The bowels putrid, though the skin's entire.
 Soon as a streaming vapour fills the space,
 Men sprigs of thyme beneath the carcase place. 350
 This work is done when first warm zephyrs blow,
 Ere yet with golden flowers the meadows glow;
 Before the swallow skims our Latian streams,
 Or hangs her tiny nest beneath the beams.
 Meantime the juice within the tender bones, 355
 Sweating with heat, strong fermentation owns.
 Full soon in wondrous forms the insects spring
 (First without feet, then buzzing on the wing),

Description
 of the
 process.

* Not strictly so called, but so designated by Virgil as being a portion of the empire of Cyrus, which extended as far as the Eastern or Pelusian branch of the Nile.

From the pent mass ; and now the air they crowd,
 Like summer drops descending from a cloud ; 360
 Or as when Parthian troops the battle try,
 And showers of arrows from the bowmen fly.

Declare, my muse, the secret long concealed,
 Whence use derived it, and what god revealed.

When Aristæus fled from Tempe's plain, 365 *The story.*
 And stood by Peneus' fountain to complain
 How in the winter famine and disease
 His hives had ravaged, and destroyed his bees ;
 Where from its source the sacred river flowed,
 He thus his sorrows to his parent showed : 370

“Mother, Cyrene, mother wont to dwell
 Within the basin of this crystal well,
 Why didst thou bear a child abhorred of fate,
 Sprung from the gods, and yet of gods the hate,
 If, as men say, his blood enrich my veins, 375
 In Thymbra's temple who effulgent reigns,
 Say, how can he to heavenly courts ascend,
 Whose labours all in disappointment end?
 Come, and my groves with cruel hand uproot,
 Ply the rude axe, and bruise my vineyard's shoot, 380
 With hostile flame invade the peaceful stall,
 Consume my harvests, seeds, plantations, all ;
 If true it be, my mother envious hears
 My fame increasing with succeeding years.”

His mother heard, as ranged around her stood 385
 Beneath the channel of the rolling flood
 Her nymphs, who spun Milesian fleeces dyed
 To match the sea-green colour of the tide.

Drymo, and Xantho, and renowned for song,
 Ligea, and Phyllodoce prolong 390
 Their task; whose necks more white than marble shine,
 Where clustering tresses wantonly recline.
 Nesæe, Spio, and Cydippe there
 Watch with Lycorias of the golden hair,
 A virgin that, this knows a mother's care. 395
 Thalia bright, fair nymph of mirth and joy,
 Cymodoce whose care the waves employ,
 Deiopea of an ardent race,
 And Ops, a maid with grave an' thoughtful face.
 Clio and Beroë, sisters of the tide, • 400
 In golden cointure, and in all the pride
 Of painted skins; and Ephyre, who came
 From ancient Corinth, and bestowed its name.
 Last, Arethusa, who in rapid race
 Fled through the grove, and shunned a god's embrace.
 To these the tuneful Clymene declares 400
 The arts of Mars, and laughs at Vulcan's cares;
 Along time's stream the sportive numbers flow,
 And all the loves of warm Olympus show.
 The song seductive occupies the whole, 410
 While the soft threads around the spindle roll.
 Again the words of Aristæus fall
 With mournful cadence on the ears of all;
 All on their crystal seats their awe confessed,
 But through the waters swift before the rest 415
 Rose Arethusa of the golden hair,
 And gazing round addressed the anxious fair:

"Sister Cyrene, not in vain that cry
 Sounds 'neath our waves, and tells of trouble nigh:
 The boy himself, his mother's darling, pours 420
 Large drops of sorrow, and thy aid implores."
 "O swift conduct him," loud the goddess cried.
 And cleave a pathway through our sacred tide:
 A mother's arms may sure a child enfold,
 What though he must the hall of gods behold? 425
 With this she bids the rolling stream divide,
 And stand a crystal wall on either side:
 The waves receive him in their vast embrace,*
 And safe beneath the flood the stranger place.
 Awe-struck through all the watery realm he moves, 430
 Sees lakes in caverns pent, wide-sounding groves,
 And ever heaving the unmeasured tide,
 Where earth's vast rivers at their source divide;
 Phasis and Lycus, great Enipeus' fount,
 Old Tiber washing the Tarpeian mount, 435
 Warm Anio's waters, and Caiçus deep,
 And rushing, noisy down the rocky steep
 The Hypanis, and last, with gilded horn†
 Eridanus, through fields of yellow corn
 To purple ocean all impetuous borne. 440
 Where its wide span a fretted archway throws,
 From the groined roof decline in pendent rows

* "Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace."

Young's *Last Day*, book i.

† The ancient poets not unusually represent a majestic river
 under the image of a mighty bull with gilded horns

Bosses of stone ; there stands the youth : the dame
 Swift to his succour with her sisters came.
 With ready hand some softest napkins bring, 445
 Some ewers of water sparkling from the spring ;
 This choicest viands on the board displays,
 And brimming goblets these in order raise.
 An odorous blaze along the altars ran,
 As thus Cyrene to her son began : 450
 " Full cups of rich Mæonian vintage take,
 And to great Ocean due libations make."
 To father Ocean straight her prayers arise,
 The god whose care the universe supplies,*
 And all the nymphs, of whom one hundred guide 455
 The streams, one hundred o'er the woods preside.
 Thrice on the flame the purple wine she throws,
 Thrice to the roof the flickering omen rose.
 She speaks : " In deep Carpathia's gulf resides
 Proteus, whose power compels the angry tides. 460
 Borne by sea-horses, lo ! he seeks once more
 His native haunts and fair Pallene's shore,
 Him aged Nereus, him each nymph adores,
 Whose mind prophetic reads the future hours.
 Through Neptune he to such high lore succeeds, 465
 And 'neath the sea his herds misshapen feeds.
 His strength reluctant must thy cunning bind :
 Once bound the seer will open all his mind,

* According to the opinion that water was the origin of all things ; an opinion that might have been gathered from traditions that had their beginning in the Mosaic account of the Creation.

The hidden cause of this disease declare,
 And, mute till forced, when forced relieve thy carc. 470
 Firm be the chain round forms elusive coiled,
 Each change is harmless, and each effort foiled.
 I lead to where the aged prophet laid
 At listless length enjoys the secret shade,
 An easy prey when at the noon-day hour 475
 Exhausted nature owns the oppressive power.
 His bonds once felt, will Proteus instant take
 Strange shapes at will, and monstrous changes make :
 A tiger now, a lion next he'll roar,
 A scaly dragon, and a bristly boar. 480
 Now as of flame you'll hear a crackling sound,
 Now waves elusive glide along the ground.
 But soon he'll lie exhausted on the plain,
 Resume his shape, nor struggle with his chain."
 She ceased : then with ambrosial scents anoints 485
 His care-worn frame, and rubs his stiffened joints :
 His limbs fresh strength and pliant ease assume,
 And from his hair exhales a sweet perfume.
 Deep in a mountain's hollow side is seen,
 Where cliffs projecting form a friendly screen, 490
 A vast recess, where boats securely ride,
 And into quiet bays smooth waters glide.
 Oft in this cave the god extended lies,
 And shuns the fervour of the noon-day skies.
 Here, where the friendly shade his figure shrouds, 495
 Her son she placed, herself involved in clouds.
 His star now Sirius in the sky displays,
 And thirsty India pants beneath his blaze ;

The fiery sun through half his course has sped,
 The scanty herbage droops its withered head; 500
 Shrunk 'neath his rays exhausted rivers lie,
 Their waters wasted and their chaunels dry;
 When Proteus, flying from the fervent heat,
 The waters leaves, and seeks his old retreat.
 Showers of salt spray huge monsters rolling round 505
 Fling up, and sea-calves slumber on the ground.
 And as some shepherd, at the evening hour,
 With folded herds defies the lion's power,
 So now, reclining on a central rock,
 The listless god reviews his watery flock. 510
 Then, ere his limbs in soft repose were laid,
 Loud rang the shout, and swift the spring was made.
 So great his haste, the transformations seem
 Swifter than thought, flame, monster, flowing stream.*
 Flame, monster, flowing stream, all vainly tried, 515
 With human voice the vanquished prophet cried:
 "Who bade thee to a god's retreat repair,
 And what thou seek'st, too daring youth, declare?"
 To whom the boy: "Thou needest none to show,
 None can deceive, none more than Proteus know. 520
 Counsel from thee a ruined swain expects,
 And to a god a god his steps directs."

* The swiftness of these transformations is shown by Virgil, who has comprised them in a single line. In the parallel passage of Homer they occupy three. Pope has amplified them into eight, with much elegance undoubtedly, but not with that judgment which never fails to indicate to the Roman poet the peculiar excellence of those passages which he so successfully imitates.

In Proteus' breast tumultuous thoughts arise,
 And fury flashes from his rolling eyes,
 As thus his tongue, by force compelled, revealed 525
 What fate had else from human ears concealed:
 "Not mortal hand alone on thee is laid,
 To injured ghosts is retribution made;
 Maddened with grief the widowed Orpheus stands,
 Invoking vengeance with his suppliant hands. 530
 Through the dark shade that tangled bushes make,
 Where the dire hydra guards the watery brake,
 Thy loathed embrace the maid doom-stricken* flies,
 The poisoned wound arrests her, and she dies.
 Her sister Dryads wake with mournful wail 535
 The echoing hills, and fill the distant vale,
 The cliffs of Rhodope distil with tears,
 And, inly shuddering, high Pangæa hears,
 While a deep murmur stirs the martial race
 Along the Hebrus and the plains of Thrace. 540
 On thee, sweet wife, in mournful cadence dwell
 His love-sick notes on Hermes' tuneful shell; †
 Thy spirit breathes through all his morning lays,
 Thy inspiration tunes his evening praise.
 Through hell's dark jaws th' impatient lover flies, 545
 Where gloomy groves and hideous spectres rise,
 To hearts ne'er melted yet by human prayers
 Melodious sings, nor death's grim monarch fears.
 Moved by the power of his entrancing art
 Straight from their seat the shadowy spectres start, 550

* "Moritura."

† Mercury formed the first lyre from the shell of a tortoise found on the banks of the Nile.

Countless as birds, that, urged by storm or night,
 Home to the woodland speed their evening flight.
 Matrons, their lords, and disembodied shades
 Of mighty heroes, boys, unwedded maids,
 And youths whom fates inexorable place 555
 On funeral pyres before their parents' face.
 Round these black mud and stagnant waters close,
 And hoarse Cocytus,* sluggish stream that flows
 Through sedgy banks, and Styx, whose winding tide
 Nine times returns, and puts all hope aside. 560
 The depths of Orcus wait in deep amaze,
 The Furies cease to twine their snakes, and gaze,
 Ixion's wheel declares the power of song,
 And lulled to rest lies Cerberus' triple tongue.
 All danger passed, the reunited pair 565
 Retrace their way, and seek the upper air;
 To Orpheus' steps Eurydice's succeed,
 The order such which Pluto's queen decreed.
 When lo! his love unable to restrain,
 He looks, and asks love's answering look again. 570
 O then, could pity move a Stygian breast,
 Sure hell's dark rulers had its power confessed.
 Close on earth's confines, when one moment more
 Would to his arms Eurydice restore,
 His own Eurydice. Vain now the spell 575
 Of music 'gainst inexorable hell.
 'Thrice a deep groan the lake's dull silence broke,
 As, wild with terror, thus his loved one spoke:

* The name of the river signifies, to weep, to lament.

‘What madness thine! and, oh, what anguish this!
Oh, who hath ruined our expected bliss? 580
Again, again the cruel fates recall
My soul: dark shadows on my eyelids fall:
Farewell, farewell! involved in darkest shroud
Again I join the visionary crowd.
These hands I raise, but none their ears incline, 585
These powerless hands, alas! no longer thine.’
She ceased, and vanished from his longing eyes,
As the thin smoke dissolves into the skies.
Nor saw she all his frantic efforts vain
To grasp her form, nor heard his voice again. 590
Wildly he strove to reach the spectral shore,
The surly ferryman refused his oar.
Will hell’s stern gods or him twice-widowed save,
Or the pale ghost that shivers on the wave?
“For seven long months, so chronicles relate, 595
By Stymon’s stream he wept his lonely fate.
Pleased the fell tigers listened to his song,
Dark forests moved in measured steps along.
E’en so among the poplar’s whispering leaves
For her lost young poor Philonela grieves, 600
Dragged from the nest by rugged clown away,
And through the night trills out her mournful lay;
On forest bough she wails her fate alone,
And fills the woodland with her tuneful moan.
In northern climes, amid eternal snows, 605
His heart, once crushed, no second passion knows;
His harp but sounds one melancholy strain,
Fair Thracian dames display their charms in vain,

Then, stung to madness, 'mid their orgies tear
 His limbs apart, and scatter them in air. 610
 Torn from the trunk, and down the Hebrus borne,
 Still his pale lips the hapless virgin mourn ;
 Eurydice his fleeting spirit cries,
 The vocal bank Eurydice replies."
 He ceased : and, as he plunged the water through, 615
 Round his blue locks the dashing sea-foam flew.
 And now Cyrene to her son drew near,
 And whispered words of comfort in his ear :
 " The nymphs, companions of her woodland bower,
 Thy rashness punish, and their loss deplore. 620
 Suppliant appease their not vindictive ire,
 Those rites performing which thy vows require.
 On steep Lycæus' verdant summit catch
 Four fattest bulls, four equal heifers match
 That ne'er were yoked : four altars raise, and pour 625
 Their sacrificial blood the shrine before.
 Then in the grove their slaughtered bodies lay,
 And patient watch the putrid limbs decay.
 When the ninth morn its glowing front shall rear,
 To Orpheus' ghost Lethæan poppies bear, 630
 With fatted calf Eurydice appease,
 Slay a black sheep, and seek the sacred trees."
 He straight four altars to the wood-nymphs rears,
 In due obedience to his mother's prayers,
 Four fattest bulls, four equal heifers takes, 635
 That ne'er were yoked, and supplication makes
 To Orpheus' shade : then, when Aurora rose
 On the ninth morning, to the forest goes.

Strange is the sight his wondering eyes behold,
Strange to the boy, and wondrous to be told. 640

In every bullock's putrid form he sees
Whole buzzing swarms of new-created bees :
Swift through the trees they mount in frequent rows,
Then hang in clusters, from the laden boughs.

I've sung of grain, of honey-bees, of kine, 645 Conclusion.
Of fruits, of forests, and the purple vine!

While Cæsar, victor by Euphrates' flow,
Enacts the god, and makes the future now,
Bids justice reign, and jarring discord cease,
And gives to grateful tribes the arts of peace. 650

Meanwhile, 'mid flowers, Parthenope,* how sweet.
Thy nursling I, unchronicled, retreat :
Rhymes had I once for swains ; nay, Tityrus, thou
Canst test my venturous youth beneath the beechen bough.†

* Now Naples.

† To those who remember the Rev. Noel Thos. Ellison, the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman, Fellow of Balliol College, and afterwards Rector of Huntspill and Nettlecombe, it may not be without interest to know, that when the original MS. was submitted to him, incomplete as to the last four verses, he returned it with the four lines now given written in pencil.

EPISTLE TO THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR

BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

WITH A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ÆNEID.

Imitated from Horace, Book 1st, Epistle 2nd.

EPISTLE TO THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR
BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

Whilst noblest cares the Patriot's soul engage,
'Mid humbler scenes I muse o'er Maro's page,
Where aptest words in smoothest measures tell
What stern Philosophy ne'er told so well ;
And strains so sweet from Mantua's plains arise,
Man seems to hear the music of the skies.
Apollo's hand the tuneful structure wrought,
And shaped the precepts which Minerva taught.

By peaceful arts would sceptred monarchs rise,
Teach nations wisdom, and be truly wise ;
Let Numa's shade inform the happy state,
Strong without arms, without ambition great ;
-Where Heaven its aid to rule rude natures lends,
And in Egeria to mankind descends.

With brow more fierce see yonder spirit stand,
Shake war's red torch, and desolate the land,
Plunder the swain, destroy the earth's increase,
And desolate the smiling fields of peace.

The eagle soars, the conqueror's spear is hurled,
And famine settles on a wasted world.

Sad fruit of war! where justice yields to force ;
And conquerors revel, while a people curse.

But why alone to empty shadows turn?
Lessons of life from living heroes learn ;

How man for man unasked will nobly bleed,
Admire in Lausus, and in Nisus read ;
See each his soul with equal zeal expire,
This mourns his friend, and that preserves his sire.

Ne'er poured the Attic Muse, whose tragic skill
Held crowds subservient to the actor's will,
A plaint more mournful than the childless dame,
When the fierce host with bloody trophy came,
And the pale lips, that late with life had bloomed,
To sorrow's hopeless night the widowed mother doomed.

Let the base soul that taunts a nobler foe,
Hear Drances speak, and its own vileness know ;
Who, while each wiser chief indignant hears,
Derides the very virtue which he fears.
The captive wretch no keener torture knows,
Than gnaws the breast where envy secret grows.

How proudly Turnus struggles against fate !
Undaunted still, and in misfortune great.
Scarce yields though Jove an equal chance denies,
Fills all with sorrow, and unconquered dies.

Does thy hot blood in poisoned channels flow,
Thy strength enervate, and conduct to woe ?
Proud Carthage sees in uncontrolled desire
Fame, freedom, peace, and life itself expire.
He ne'er shall know, whom wandering fires beguile,
Or Honour's recompense, or Virtue's smile.

* It would be difficult, perhaps, anywhere, to find a speech more highly dramatic in its structure and effect than that of the mother of Euryalus in the ninth book, as she saw the advance of the enemy bearing before them on a spear the head of her son.

Crush thy worst foe: 'tis vanquished, or will rule,
Bind the strong man, confound the wise and fool.

Now shift the scene: by meek-eyed sorrow stand,
Where weeps Andromache on Chaon's strand.
Her altered state, her fallen lot deploras,
And with soft plaint fills all the silent shores,
Hast thou a soul? then read that one sad line,*
Indulge thy tears, and own the bard divine.

Can ancient faith respect and love command?
Within the walls of Pallanteum stand,
One bond uniting prince and people scan,
Where man but governs for the good of man.
In Pallas all youth's noblest gifts behold,
And in his sire how virtue ne'er grows old.
Is good thine aim? With true ambition burn,
But empty glitter with Evander spurn.
Time-honoured priests in sacred vests are near;
Though false their faith, their worship still sincere.
Thank Him on thee who poured a purer light,
When better men have slept in Pagan night.

Was bold resolve, and stern endurance theirs?
Be meekness added to thy purer prayers.
If, lacking light, they wavered on the plain,
Mayst thou, more blessed, the Christian's summit gain!

* "O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago!"

I CANNOT let these pages leave the press without acknowledging the many valuable and pleasant criticisms the MS received, as I conversed with my old neighbour the Rev. Russell Richards, Rector of Wooten Courtenay, one of the good men who have passed from among us loved & regretted.

